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ROYAL SOCIETY, SOMERSET HOUSE.
The Weekly Ordinary Meetings, for the Session 1845-6, will commence on Thursday, the 20th of November, at half-past Eight, and the Anniversary will be held on Monday, the 1st of December, at Four P.M.
CHARLES RICHARD WELD, Assistant Secretary.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.
NOTICE is hereby given to the Members and Students, that JOSEPH HENRY GREEN, Esq., the Professor of Anatomy, will deliver his FIRST LECTURE on THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, the 13th instant, at Eight o'clock, and his succeeding Lectures on the five following Thursdays, at the same hour.
HENRY HOWARD, R.A. Sec.

DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.
11, DAVIES STREET, BERNLEY-SQUARE.
Wednesday, Nov. 12, Conversation—Theme, Style of Louis 14th.
" 13, A Paper "On Chromatic Decorations," by Mr. E. Cooper.
" 14, Conversation—Theme, Style of Louis 14th.
" 15, A Paper "On Chromatic Decorations—concluded."
E. C. LAUGHER, Hon. Sec.

HANWELL COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, Middlesex. Principal, the Rev. J. A. EMERTON, D.D. (Curse of Hanwell). Term begins this day. Prospectuses, with further particulars may be had on application to the Rev. J. A. Emerton, D.D. Rectory, Hanwell; J. D. McBride, Esq., B.C.L. Principal of Magdalen Hall, Oxford; J. A. Paris, Esq., M.D. President of the Royal College of Physicians; and at the School.

GERMAN CLASSES.—Dr. HEIMANN, German Master at the London University School, informs his pupils and the public, that his GERMAN CLASSES will RE-COMMENCE on MONDAY, the 10th inst. Two of these Classes will be devoted to Indian, one for conversation and composition; the other for beginners.—Particulars may be obtained by applying at Dr. Heimann's residence, 30, George-street, Euston-square.

HIGH SCHOOL OF EDINBURGH.
THE LORD PROVOST, MAGISTRATES AND COUNCIL, the Patrons of the School, this day resolved to delay till this day four weeks, the 25th of November, the ELECTION of a GENTLEMAN to fill the Office of RECTOR, vacant by the retirement of Dr. Carson.
City Chambers, Edinburgh, 28th October 1845.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY.—To Tutors, &c. at present in London.—An introduction is sought to a gentleman who has lately taken his degree, and who can give every information and render assistance to a Gentleman wishing to be admitted a member of the University.—Apply, by prepaid letter, to F. W. J. Seale-street, Lincoln's Inn.

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We have two books of authority on the history of our early drama and stage,—the Diary of Henslowe [see ante, p. 685], and the Office Book of Sir Henry Herbert, the third, and we may call him, for he outlived his authority, the last Master of the Revels. Henslowe's Diary relates to the transactions of a company of actors, acting at the same time with Shakspeare and his "fellows," but at different houses, and under a different management, and Herbert's Office Book to Plays performed at Court or licensed for the stage, at a period posterior to Shakspeare. We have yet to recover the Office Books of Tylney and Buc, Herbert's predecessors in office, and have yet to reclaim from oblivion (if they still exist) the "books" mentioned by Heminge in his will,—in which he recorded the several parts and shares he had in the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres, and "the good yearly profit" they had brought him. All the cash transactions of the Globe and the Blackfriars would appear to have passed through the hands of Heminge,—all the court payments by Privy Council warrants certainly did; Heminge was therefore an important personage,—he was however remembered by Shakspeare in his will, and he gave us, in association with Condell (another of Shakspeare's fellows) the famous first folio of Shakspeare, which still continues to command a heavy price, and an immediate purchaser, whenever a copy enters the market. Malone was indefatigable in his attempts to recover the long lost books of Heminge. "If any descendant of Mr. John Heminge," he says, "be now living, he probably has among the deeds and papers of his ancestors, Mr. Heminge's account-books and theatrical contracts, which would throw much light on the history of the stage at the period when Shakspeare lived." He then particularizes the several known descendants of Heminge, and calls upon people possessed of ancient papers to examine them, or permit others to peruse them. We are thus particular in referring to the books most needed in illustration of Shakspeare and his writings, as it is our wish to direct the attention of the Council of the Shakespeare Society to the propriety of their issuing, not among their members only, but through the country generally, a list of *Wants, Questions and Directions*, on the subject of Shakspeare and his writings. We would direct more immediate attention in the first place to the Account Books of Heminge, and the

Office Books of Tylney and Buc,—telling, as briefly and clearly as possible, all that was known about them, and the most likely quarters in which ingenuity might hope to find them. Some good surely would result from the free distribution of questions and directions of this kind; they would at least awaken attention, gain what they are in quest of, and be the means of saving many curious old papers from the flames, and of dragging others of equal or greater value from the recesses of an attic, or the mouldering chests of a family muniment room. A well distributed question would succeed in finding something about "Gerard Johnson the Hollander," the sculptor of the bust of Shakspeare at Stratford-upon-Avon, and a well advertised reward of a couple of guineas, or some such sum, for the copy of an entry of Gilbert Shakspeare's burial, would set every parish clerk in London and Warwickshire on the alert to find it.

There is little or nothing among the fifty papers composing the volumes before us, illustrative of our great dramatic poet individually. A correspondent, signing himself "Dramaticus," contributes a paper on the "Recusancy" of the poet's father. A fine of 20*l.*, it appears, was imposed in the year 1592 upon such as, without lawful excuse, did not attend Protestant worship at least once in every month. John Shakspeare failed to make his appearance, and his name was returned by the Queen's Commissioners as a person who neglected to conform to the law. It is said he kept away for fear of an arrest for debt,—nor is this unlikely. That many conformed, we have the evidence contained in a satirical ballad of the time quoted by "Dramaticus":

There be divers Papists
That to save their fine,
Come to church once a month
To hear service divine:
The Pope gives them power,
As they say, to do so;
They save money by't too,
But I know what I know.

Mr. Harness contributes a curious paper on the subject of the poet's widow. From a peculiarity in the entry of the burial in the Stratford register, he supposes Mrs. Shakspeare to have married again. The register is written thus:

1623.) Mrs. Shakspeare
August 8.) Anna Uxor Richardi James.

"Now, there arises," he says, "a question here, whether the whole of this entry may not relate to the same individual? It was by no means a common thing at that time, for two persons to be interred at Stratford on the same day; and, in the event of such a case, it is so improbable that both should have been adults; that, being adults, both should have been women; and that, being women, both should have been named Anne, as to impress me very forcibly with a persuasion of their identity. It seems to me much more likely that Mrs. Shakspeare, after the death of her husband, should have forgotten her allegiance to his memory and become Mrs. James, than that such an extraordinary coincidence should have occurred. Besides, what is the object of the bracket that unites the names? The book affords no similar instance of this mode of entry. On every other occasion, when two funerals have taken place on the same day, the date is either repeated, or left blank; as, in the same page, we find—

Sep. 16 | Oct. 21 | Feb. 3
16 | |

but this bracketing the names together—supposing Mrs. Shakspeare and Mrs. James to be different people—is altogether without a parallel. What can be the meaning of this departure from the common rule, unless it was intended to show that the two names constitute one register? Again, with hardly an exception to the contrary, all the entries on the page are in Latin; and it would not only be difficult to account for the deviation into the vulgar tongue in the case of the poet's widow, but to explain why, unless the whole register referred to one individual, the officiating minister, who described one *Anna*, at full

length, as '*Uxor Richardi James*,' should have been content without describing the other *Anna* at full length also, as '*Vidua Gulielmi Shakspeare*.' But how then is this apparently double entry to be accounted for?—Why thus: the parish books, which now exist, are authentic copies of the original registers. And my conjecture is, that the old documents reported no more than the interment of *Anna James*; but that, as the lady was better known at Stratford as the wife of our great poet, was so commemorated in the epitaph on her gravestone, and lay buried among his family in the chancel of the church, the '*Mrs. Shakspeare*' was inserted by the copyist to indicate that *Mrs. James* was she, and to anticipate the suspicion of a defect in his transcript."

Mr. Harness adds, "Shakspeare was acquainted with some people named James, as appears from an epitaph on *Elias James*, which is ascribed to him in a MS. book in the Bodleian. His widow, perhaps, married one of the family." This, we think, is putting the matter a little too strong, but the entry is so curious that the whole subject will demand, hereafter, a very careful examination.

Of the papers in illustration of the writings of Shakspeare, by far the most curious, we think, is the story of 'The Waking Mans Dreame,' the original of the induction to the '*Taming of the Shrew*.' The book, unfortunately, from which it is taken "is a mere fragment of a book," extending from page 59 to page 67, and is supposed, and not unfairly we imagine, to have formed part of that long lost volume of '*Comic Stories*,' by Richard Edwards, which the younger Warton had seen in the possession of the poet Collins. As next in interest we are inclined to consider a communication from Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, with a letter from Lord Burghley to Sir Francis Walsingham, containing a very graphic and amusing picture of the Dogberries of that day:—

"Sir.—As I cam from London homward, in my coche, I sawe at every townes end the number of x or xii, standing, with long staves, and untill I cam to Enfeld I thought no other of them, but that they had stayd for avoyding of the rayne, or to drynk at some alehowse, for so they did stand under penteyces [penthouses] at ale howses. But at Enfeld fynding a dosen in a plump, whan ther was no rayne, I be-thought my self that they war appointed as watch-men, for the apprehending of such as are missing; and therupon I called some of them to me apart, and asked them wherfor they stood there? and one of them answered, 'To take 3 yong men.' And demanding how they should know the persons, one answered with these words: 'Marry, my Lord, by intelligence of ther favor.' 'What means you by that?' quoth I. 'Marry,' sayd they, 'one of the partyes hath a hooked nose.'—'And have you,' quoth I, 'no other mark?'—'No,' sayth they. And then I asked who appoynted them; and they answered one Bankes, a Head Constable, whom I willed to be sent to me. Surly, sir, who so ever had the chardge from yow hath used the matter negligently; for these watchmen stand oppenly in plumps, as no suspected person will come neare them; and if they be no better instructed but to fynd 3 persons by one of them havng a hooked nose, they may miss therof. And thus I thought good to advertise you, that the Justices that had the chardge, as I think, may use the matter more circumspectly.

"Your's, assuredly, W. BURGHLEY.

"From Theobaldes, 10 August 1586."

An amusing illustration of this description—showing how truly our great poet drew to the life on all occasions, is worth a whole waggon-load of verbal conjecture and desperate emendation.

Mr. Collier contributes an illustration of Sir Toby Belch's description of Dick Surgeon. "Then he's a rogue and a passy-measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue." Mr. Collier has in his possession, he tells us, a manuscript of the time of Queen Elizabeth, containing a list of thirteen dances, with curious descriptions of the

figures belonging to them. The first on the list is 'The passinge measure Pavyon,' which is thus explained:—

The passinge measure Pavyon.
2 singles and a double forward, and
2 singles syde. Repryce back.

That the 'Pavin' was a dance was known before, (Shadwell alludes to it in his 'Virtuosos,') but Mr. Collins was the first to discover that there was a dance in Queen Elizabeth's time called 'The passinge measure Pavin.'

We have no great liking, as we have already stated, for conjectural emendation, but we cannot overlook on this occasion a new reading supplied by Mr. Barron Field, and an ingenious restoration of a word suggested by the Rev. Mr. Halpin. Mr. Field, in a paper 'On some obscure passages in Shakespeare,' proposes a new reading of Snug the joiner's description of himself in the famous Pyramus and Thisbe scene. The reading at present is:—

Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam.

The reading Mr. Field proposes contains the single addition of a letter:—

Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion's fell.

that is, a lion's skin. Mr. Halpin calls his paper 'The Bridal Run-Away: an Essay on Juliet's Soliloquy.'

Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing Night,
That run-away's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms untalk'd of and unseen.

Some suppose Romeo to have been the runaway and some Juliet. Warburton would make her allude to the day and Steevens to the night. Mason would read *Renomy*, 'renomé' being, as he adds, the French for 'rumour.' Zachary Jackson and Mr. Collier would read the prosaic *unawares*. Mr. Dyce *rude days or soon days*, and Mr. Mitford *Luna's eyes*. Mr. Halpin adheres to the original text. Juliet's runaway is, he says, no other than Venus's runaway:—

Beauties, have you seen this toy
Called Love—a little boy,
Almost naked, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and now as kind;
If he be amongst you say,
He is Venus's runaway.

He supports his hypothesis with a good deal of ingenuity, and without, let it be told to his praise, disturbing one word of the text as printed by the players.

"The Shakespeare Society was formed," we are told, "not merely for the elucidation of the productions of our great dramatist (although that was certainly the main design), but those of his predecessors, contemporaries and immediate followers; so that few points connected with our popular literature do not come within the scope of the Society." The Shakespeare Society has answered the secondary purposes of its institution much better than its first. Had the council confined its publications to tracts and volumes immediately illustrative of Shakespeare, half the funds at its disposal had been more than sufficient for Shakespeare purposes. Nor is this said from any feeling of disrespect for the labours of its members. In the absence of better materials, it has applied its funds in illustration of the lives and writings of the predecessors and contemporaries of the poet whose name it bears. Nor are we disposed to quarrel with the Society because it occasionally extends its care and interest beyond the poet's "fellows" at the Globe, or his friends and fellow-poets at the Mermaid. We should have lost by far the most interesting portion of the volumes before us if the labours of the Society had been confined solely to Shakespeare. We have here a copy of poems by the famous Robert Greene—commentator of Sir Christopher

Hatton, Queen Elizabeth's handsome Lord Chancellor—printed in quarto in the poet's lifetime, and not known to have existed before its discovery, a few months since. We may tell a similar story of a pageant, by Thomas Middleton, printed in the second volume of the present publication. These, we think, are discoveries of interest and importance—heralds ere long, let us hope, of real Shakspearian discoveries.

Mr. Bruce contributes a paper, entitled, 'Who was Will, my Lord of Leycester's Jesting Player?'—Mr. Collier, a communication about Jack Wilson, the Singer, in 'Much Ado about Nothing'—and Mr. Cunningham, a paper, entitled, 'Did General Harrison kill Dick Robinson, the Player?' Mr. Collier's contribution has given rise to a separate pamphlet, by Dr. Rimbault, mentioned at the head of the present article. Jack Wilson played the part of *Balthazar*, in 'Much Ado about Nothing,' and sung the famous song,

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;

and John Wilson composed the music for a still more famous song:—

Take, O take those lips away.

Was 'Jack,' of 'Much Ado about Nothing' the same as John? Dr. Rimbault says Yes, and maintains his position, we think, upon good evidence.

And he is now Jack Ford that once was John.

The Jack of the stage copy of 'Much Ado about Nothing' is, Dr. Rimbault supposes, the John of Wood's Athenæ, the Doctor of Music in the University of Oxford, and the composer, as well, of the favourite airs in 'The Tempest,' 'Where the bee sucks there suck I,' and 'Full fathom five thy father lies.' Wilson was a favourite with King Charles I. The king, it is said, would lean upon his shoulder while he played upon the lute, and on one occasion is reported to have exclaimed, "Wilson, there's more words; let's hear them all." Dr. Rimbault has brought together a good deal that is new about him. Much, however, remains to be told. We have a copy of the king's warrant, appointing John Wilson, "musician in ordinary, in the room of John Freind," from Michaelmas, 1642. The warrant is dated Oxford, 30 October, 19th Chas. I. Dr. Rimbault will not be displeased, we imagine, to hear of this new circumstance in the life of Jack, or, as he deserves to be called, *Balthazar* Wilson.

The chief contributors, we observe, are Mr. John Payne Collier and Mr. Peter Cunningham. Mr. Collier's communications are of a miscellaneous character; Mr. Cunningham's chiefly biographical. Among Mr. Cunningham's, we may mention a begging letter from Ben Jonson to the Earl Newcastle, and an entry or two relating to the baptism of the children of Ben; a paper about Inigo Jones, and his office under the Crown; the Will of the poet Cowley; and a list of plays acted at Court, in the year 1613. Cowley's will is too interesting to escape transcription:—

"TESTAMEN."

"In the name of God Almighty, to whom be forever all glory, Amen. I, ABRAHAM COWLEY, of Chertsea, in the county of Surrey, being at present by God's mercy in perfect health and understanding, and well considering the uncertainty of human life, most especially in these times of sickness and mortality, doe, in attendance of God's blessed pleasure concerning my life or death, make and declare this my last Will and Testament as followeth. I humbly recommend my soule to that great God from whom I had it, beseeching him to receive it into his bosome for the merits of his sonne, the saviour of sinners, amongst whom I am one of the greatest, and my body to the earth, from whence it came, in hopes of a happy resurrection. O Lord, I believe, help my unbelief, O Lord, I repeat, pardon the weakness of my repentance.

"All my worldly goods, moneys and chattels, I bequeath to my brother Thomas Cowley, whom I doe hereby constitute my sole heyr and executor, hee paying out of y^e estate, w^{ch} it has pleased God to bestowe upon me, much above my deserts, these ensuing Legacies.

"I leave to my neveu — Cowley (if hee bee yet alive) ten pounds. To my cosen Benjamin Hind, towards his education in learning, fifty pounds; To my cosen — Gaulton, of Nutfield, in Surrey, for y^e same use of his eldest sonne, fifty pounds; To my cosen Mary Gaulton, twenty pounds; To Thomas Fotherby, of Canterbury, Esquire, one hundred pounds, w^{ch} [I] beseech him to accept of as a small remembrance of his ancient kindnes to mee; To Sir Will Davenant, twenty pounds; To Mr. Mart Clifford, twenty pounds; To Mr. Thomas Sprat, twenty pounds; To Mr. Thomas Cook, twenty pounds; To Dr. Charles Scarburgh, twenty pounds; To Mr. Thomas Croyden, twenty pounds; To my mayd, Mary (besides what I ow her, and all my wearing linen) twenty pounds; To my servant, Thomas Waldron, ten pounds and most of my wearing clothes at my brother's choice; To Mary, my brother's mayd, five pounds; To the poore of the town of Chertsea, twenty pounds.

"I doe farther leave to the Honorable John Hervey, of Ickworth, Esquire, my share and interest in his Highnes the Duke of York's Theater, And to y^e Right Hon^{ble} the Earl of St Albans, my Lord, and once kind Master, a Ring of ten pounds, only in memory of my duty and affection to him, not being able to give anything worthy his acceptance, nor hee (God be praised) in need of any gifts from such persons as I.

"If any thing bee due to mee from Trinity College, I leave it to bee bestowed in books upon y^e library, and I leave besides to Doctor Robert Crane, Fellow of y^e said College, a Ring of five pounds valew, as a small token of o^r freindschip.

"I desire my dear friend, Mr. Thomas Sprat, to trouble himselfe wth y^e collection and revision of all such writings of mine (whether printed before or not) as hee shall think fit to be published, Beseeching him not to let any passe which hee shall judge unworthy of the name of his friend, and most especially nothing (if any thing of y^e kind have escaped my pen) w^{ch} may give the least offence in point of religion or good manners. And in consideration of this unpleasant task, I desire him to accept of my Study of Books.

"This I declare to bee my last Will and Testament. Lord have mercy upon my soule. Written by my own hand, signed and sealed, at Chertsea, this 28th day of September, 1665.

"ABRAHAM COWLEY."

Let us observe, in conclusion, that Dr. Rimbault is better read in Jack Wilson than Ben Jonson, or we should never have seen Mr. Shakspeare's 'Rime' at the 'Mitre,' in Fleetstreet seriously referred to as a genuine composition. It is a mere clumsy adaptation, from Ben's interesting epigram, 'Inviting a Friend to Supper.' But a word of advice, before we part, to the Council of the Shakespeare Society. There are papers in the two volumes before us of too slight and trivial a nature. The type and paper at the disposal of the society may be better employed, we conceive, than in pointing out the errors of the Messrs. Chambers, or of the obligations of our poets to the genius and works of Shakspeare. The 'Cyclopædia' of the Messrs. Chambers is a work of small authority; and every poet since Shakspeare wrote has borrowed (as everybody knows) more or less from his inimitable writings.

Jewish Emancipation. By an Israelite. Nutt.

From the title of this pamphlet any reader would suppose that it related entirely to the removal of the civil disabilities under which the Hebrews still labour; but this is far from being the object of the author. He contends that "political enfranchisement is but a limited part of emancipation." Speaking in the name of his co-religionists, he refers to a "moral and

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spiritual freedom, without which, though released from all foreign oppression, we (the Jews) should still labour under a more ignoble disability and bondage than any this country, or our worst enemies, have imposed upon us." He adds, with equal truth and cogency, "No chains are so heavy as those that shackle the mind; no slavery is so degrading as a moral one; no power is so despotic as that of un-governed passions; no rule so tyrannical as that of our own prejudice and bigotry." To show that this is the despotism under which the greater part of the nation groans, and that an emancipation from it should be the chief aim of every member of that nation, is the purport of this pamphlet. The writer, moreover, refers to the interesting fact, that the people to whom it relates are split into two great parties; those who adopt the written law only, and those who, in addition, are governed by the interminable ordinances of tradition, as embodied in the oral law. In other words, while the one party adheres to the Mosaic code only, as contained in the Pentateuch, the other invests with sanctity and authority the glosses and comments of the rabbins:—

"The Bible, the sacred volume in which the Almighty's will concerning his children is revealed, and whose pages shine with the reflection of divine truth and mercy, has been placed in the shade, and pre-eminence given to a work that had its origin in controversy, and that dates its existence from the decline of the house of Israel; when the voice of prophecy had ceased to warn or to reprove, but when the shadow of impending calamities, the evils they had so mournfully foretold, already darkened the horizon. It was the work of men who then assumed the Levites' office, and, with the office, a greater power and influence than had been originally possessed by the divinely instituted and hereditary priesthood."

Of this second ministry, which has almost superseded the first, he adds: "If we trace back the rabbinical authority to its earliest period, we shall find that its existence dates from the return of the Jews after the Babylonian captivity;" that is, a thousand years after the proclamation of the Law on Mount Sinai. Yet it was not all at once established, but in the course of generations; so that not quite two thousand years have elapsed since the expounders took the place of the readers—the rabbins of the Levites. Even in this case, however, the schism is of great antiquity. On the difference between the two codes we shall leave our author to speak, without expressing any opinion of our own:—

"The written law was opened to the apprehension of all men; it required no laborious and curious research, no patient and subtle disquisition, no expenditure of the dusty treasures of learning, but it fell like the edge of a sword upon every wickedness, every worldliness, every impurity. Not so the oral law; that contained remedies for many things. It was hard indeed at times to unravel its meaning, but then there were the sages to assist the ignorant, the just to intercede for the unjust, the learned and the good to explain away partiality and contradiction, puerility and injustice; still we may be permitted to doubt, as did some among our fathers of old, whether these good and learned men might not have been more wisely and usefully employed than in the barren and riddling task they imposed upon themselves and the community. Two causes concurred to maintain the oral law in luxuriant vigour, and to bring men to yield it their willing submission and veneration,—the vices of the many, the interests of the few. The oral law, then, became a generally accredited one; yet there still remained some, who refusing to consider the letter of the ritual of much or exclusive importance, gave their faith and obedience solely to the written law, and these opinions have been inherited by fewer or more from then till now."

Still more pertinent are the following obser-

vations, on which we shall equally forbear to comment:—

"The evil resulting from these causes has followed us for ages, and is among us still. Centuries have passed away and both laws still co-exist; the beautiful and noble precepts of the one being an eternal denial of the other. Both are maintained by the great majority to be revelations of the Divine will, and as we have two, though most unequal, guides, we most of us perversely shut our eyes to the light of the sun, and walk on our way by the uncertain beams of an erratic meteor; we join unnecessary to necessary observances, we clothe ourselves with the semblance of righteousness, we add fasts to fasts and prayers to prayers; and for doing all these things one man rests upon the authority of another, that other upon another, and none upon the law of God. If laying aside the want of historical and rational proof of the Divine origin assumed, we look into the Pentateuch for a justification of our deference to this minute, this doubtful and perplexing record, we are met at every step by a formal prohibition of every thing that was then unwritten or unknown."

Equally pregnant with meaning is the author's apostrophe to this latter code:—

"And is this, oh Israel! this Oral Law, this epitome of difficulties, this digest of curious conceits, this rule so unequal for the rich and the poor, this register of futile purposes and infinitesimal details, this web of casuistry, this code of lax and quibbling morality, is this to be our rock of hope? Is this to be the supplement to the thunders of Sinai, to the supernal voice, to the primal law? Alas, alas! for our fated race, if we can never awake to the sense of the awful Word that has rolled its echoes through the lapse of centuries, through kingdoms, through regions, till they have filled the world!"

This pamphlet abounds with liberal and enlightened views, and cannot be perused without respect for the author.

THE ANNUALS AND OTHER VOLUMES FOR 1846.

HERE we are, almost without bud or bloom to forewarn us, in the full blow of the season.

The novelties, as strangers, must, of course, first receive courteous attention. The most sumptuous of these is Mr. Murray's illuminated *Prayer Book*. The work is more effective—more in keeping—as a volume, than we had anticipated; the border illuminations, the exquisite wood engravings, harmonize better with the printed text. Specific reference to its attractions is out of the question: all we can do is to acknowledge that Mr. Owen Jones has contrived to give variety to every one of its hundreds of pages, by his borders and initial letters; that the works of the old masters have been carefully rendered under the superintendence of Mr. Gröner, and exquisitely cut by the engravers; that it contains contributions from the pencil of Mr. Horsley; and that the work itself is an unequalled specimen of typography, which, in the hands of Messrs. Vizetelly, Brothers & Co., deserves to rank as an art.

To Messrs. Longman we are indebted for another choice volume, *The Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith*, edited by Mr. Bolton Corney, and illustrated by Messrs. Cope, Creswick, Horsley, Redgrave and Tayler. As a warrant for the accuracy of the text, the editor's name is sufficient; and we could not, had they been left to our choice, have selected artists more likely to work on the subject in a cordial and genial spirit, or with a finer sympathy. Creswick, of course, gives us some glimpses of the village, "the preacher's modest mansion" amongst the best. A peep also into Switzerland is truth itself; but Italy is less to our taste, the foreground much too formal. Mr. Cope's illustrations are all good, but his 'Mirthful Maze,' and his Schoolmaster, "the man severe," are our favourites. Messrs. Redgrave, Horsley, and Tayler, too, have all done well: the latter, indeed, has been particularly happy in Mrs. Blaze, who

Never slumber'd in her pow,
But—when she shut her eyes.

The Rose Garden of Persia, by Miss L. S. Costello, was received late, and must be reserved for notice in another department; but we announce its publication here, because it is "beautiful exceedingly," and, whatever may have been its destined purpose, or may be its ultimate fate, it will certainly for the season take rank amongst the picture-books and presents: like a Persian MS. it is powdered all over with gold, and every page is ornamented or illuminated. This work is also from the press of Messrs. Vizetelly.

The Book of Beauty and *The Keepsake* need no word of comment: they come with their familiar faces, and are neither better nor worse than of old. Lady Blessington always contrives to assemble around her a goodly company, and with Mr. Heath's merits and demerits, as a caterer, the public are as familiar as ourselves. We will, however, allow both to say a word or two for themselves; and first, precedence being always given to a poet, the Keepsake puts forward as a specimen of its attractions some verses written to accompany a picture of 'Sterne and the Grisette,' by the new A.R.A., Mr. Frith, and the best picture in the volume:—

Glovers and Rovers.

BY ONE WHO HAS KNOWN FORTS.
All Maidens brown or fair,
Lofly or lowly,
Blithesome as May-birds are,
Or melancholy:—
If round the youth you love
You would cast fetters;
Do not throw down the glove
To men of letters!

The best are very vain,
The worst sad sinners;
Callous to Woman's pain,
Fond of their dinners:
With wrongs they will oppress,
With sharp tongues hurt you,
Distrust—disdain—distrust—
And then—desert you!

Swifts your poor hearts will break,
Slow vitriol-droppers!
Newtons, your fingers take
For old pipe-stoppers.
Burnes may beat in flames,
Ev'n red-hot colonels;
And Sternes show up your names
In sickly Journals!

Lo! there, the arch *grisette*,
Sure of her capture:—
Why—York's heart is set
On—his new chapter!—
Reckless of ache or wound,
Ready to fly, as
Fast as can wheels go round,
To new Marias!

Yes—Maidens fair or brown,
Lofly or lowly,
Light as the thistle-down,
As cyprus holy—
When poets whisper near,
Go, join the dancers;
And turn a stony ear,
To all romancers!

Choose, ere he quits the port,
Some gallant sailor;
Lure from his Indian fort,
Its curried jailor:—
Priest—Lawyer—Medicine-man,—
All are our betters;
Catch whom ye will (and can)
Save Him of letters!

Captain Marryat takes leave to introduce *The Book of Beauty*, and a travelling acquaintance picked up on the other side of the Atlantic:—

"The Old Brown Coat."

"BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R.N.

"'I reckon you see nothing very particular in this, do you?' said an American acquaintance of mine, bringing out the cuff of an old coat, and holding it up before me, dangling it between his finger and thumb. 'I can't say that I do,' replied I, 'but I presume it has some secret merit which remains to be explained.' 'Ex-act-ly,' replied my acquaintance, pronouncing each syllable of the word apart; 'yet the coat, of which this is the remaining cuff, was the occasion of my being just now pretty considerable well to do in the world; I guess I'm right, an't I?' continued he, appealing to his wife, a very pretty

young woman, who stood by him. 'So you seem to think,' replied she, smiling, 'but I am not convinced, as far as I am concerned in the business, that the coat had anything to do with it.' 'Well, then, I shall just tell my story and leave you to decide,' said he, turning to me. 'You must know that there was a time when I was rather hard up, and how to go a-head was the business. I had tried at mercantile speculation and sunk an immensity of dollars. I had turned lawyer, but that would not answer in any way. I took to farming, no luck there. Went out supercargo; ship went on a reef and lost cargo. Returned to New York, speculated a long while upon nothing; didn't lose much, that's certain, but didn't realize; at last I gave up business, and resolved to amuse myself a little, so I went South and joined Bolivar; I fought with him for three years, and a good officer he was, but he had one fault as a general, which was, that his army never got paid. I wanted my three years', and finding that there was neither pay nor plunder, I got tired of it and made my way home to the States, and at last arrived at the capital with only one extra shirt, and not a cent in my pocket. I happened to meet with a tailor, whose customer I had once been, when I had money and paid my bills; and he observed that my coat was rather shabby, and that I could not appear in it. I knew that very well, and all that he wanted was an order for another; but as I had no chance of paying him, I thought it advisable not to take the hint. 'I think,' said I, 'that with a new velvet collar and brass buttons, it might do very well for an evening party.' 'I see,' says he, 'that's an old country custom, wearing an old coat at a ball; I guess you're going to Mr. T.'s to-morrow night. A regular flare up, I am told. President there, and everybody else. It's hardly worth it,' continued he, touching the thread-bare cuff. 'Yes, it is,' replied I; 'there'll be a regular jam, and a new coat would be spoiled. I'll send it to you to-night, and you must let me have it in the morning, so good bye.' 'Well, the coat come home the next day, not early in the morning as I expected, but past meridian, and I walked up and down in my bed-room in my trowsers thinking what I should do. At three o'clock, I called upon Mrs. T., and left my card; went back again and waited two hours for the invitation—no invitation. Called again at five, and left another card, telling the nigger that I had not received an invitation, and that there must be some mistake; whereupon an invitation came about an hour after my return, just as I was putting my hat on to call again and leave another card, in a very fierce manner, I reckon. Well, I went early to the ball, and my coat looked remarkable gay. You could see that the velvet collar was new, and the buttons glittered famously, but you could not see that the cloth was not a little the worse for wear; in short, my brown coat looked very smart, and I was a considerable smart fellow myself just at that time. Well, I stood near the door, looking at the company coming in, hoping to know somebody; but I presume that I had grown out of all recollection, for nobody knew me; but as the company were announced I heard their names, and if they did not know who I was, at all events I found out who they were. 'This won't do,' says I, 'as the rooms became quite full. I may stick against this wall till daylight, but I shall never go a-head; so at last perceiving a young lady speaking to the daughter of the secretary of the navy, after they parted, I went up and bowed to her. Having heard her name, I pretended to be an old acquaintance, and accused her of having forgotten me. As I was very positive and very bold, she presumed it was the case, and when I gave her my name, which I refused to do till we had been talking for some minutes, as it happened to be a very good one, she considered that it was all right, and in another quarter of an hour we became very intimate. I then asked her if she knew Miss E.—, the daughter of the secretary of the navy. She replied that she did, and I requested her to introduce me, and offering her my arm, we walked up to the young lady together, and I was introduced. Now, thought I, I am going a-head a little. After the introduction, I commenced a conversation with Miss E.—, and a gentleman fortunately relieved me of my first acquaintance, whose arm I had dropped. I continued my attentions to Miss E.—; exerted myself to the utmost; and, on the strength of my introduction and my agreeable-

ness, I was soon intimate with her, and she accepted my arm. As I paced her up and down the room, I asked her if she knew the daughter of General S.—, who was near us. She replied in the affirmative, and I requested an introduction, which was immediately complied with, and I offered Miss S.— my other arm, and paraded them both up and down the room, making them laugh not a little. Now I'm going a-head, thinks I, and my old brown coat looks remarkably well. 'Here is the President coming up,' said Miss E.—. Do you know him? 'I did once, a little, but he must have forgotten me since I have been in South America so long.' The President came right up to us; and addressed the young ladies. I made a sort of half bow.—'You don't recollect Mr.—?' said Miss S.—. 'I recollect the name well,' replied the President. 'You are well supported, Mr.—; you have the navy and the army on each side of you.' 'And the highest officer of the state before me,' replied I, with a low bow. 'I ought, indeed, to feel proud. It makes amends for all the privation that I underwent in my last campaign with General Bolivar, for the General and his aid-de-camps fared no better than the meanest soldier.' That last was a bit. I did not say that I was aid-de-camp to Bolivar, but they thought proper to fancy so; the President made me a bow, and as it appeared, he wanted to have some information from that quarter; and he asked me many questions, all of which I was able to answer with precision. After a quarter of an hour's conversation, during which the whole room were wondering who it was that was so intimate with the President, and many were trying to catch what was said, the President presuming, as Bolivar's aid-de-camp, that I could give him information upon a certain point, and not wishing to have the answer public, said to the young ladies, 'I am going to do a very rude thing; I wish to ask a question, which Mr.— would not like to reply to except in strict confidence; I must take him away from you for a minute or two. I beg your pardon, Mr.—, but I feel and shall be truly grateful for the great sacrifice you will make in giving up for one moment such charming society.' 'I fear the loss will only be on my part,' said I to the young ladies, as I dropped their arms and followed the President to a vacant spot near to the orchestra. The question which the President put to me was one which I could not well answer, but he helped me out of the difficulty by answering it himself according to his own views, and then appealing to me if he was not correct. I replied 'that I certainly was not at liberty, although I had left the service of General Bolivar, to repeat all that I knew; fortunately,' continued I, bowing, 'where such clear-sightedness is apparent, there is no occasion for the question being answered.' 'You are right, Mr.—, I wish all those about me had your discretion and high sense of honour,' replied the President, who had one of my new brass buttons between his thumb and finger; 'and I perceive by your reply, that I was also right in my conjecture. I am much obliged to you, and trust I shall see you at Government House.' I bowed and retired. I am going a-head now at all events, thought I, as every one was looking at me as I retreated. I had been walking arm-in-arm with the daughters of the two first officers of the state, I had been in confidential communication with the President, and that before all the *élite* of Washington. I can now venture to order another suit of clothes, but never will I forget you, my old brown coat. The next day the tailor came to me, he had heard what had taken place at the ball, and I amended my wardrobe. Everybody came to me for orders, and I ordered everything. Cards were left in showers; I was received everywhere, the President was my friend, and from that moment I went a-head faster and faster every day, till I am, as you now see, well off, well married, and well up in the world. Now I do pertinaciously declare, that it was all owing to the old brown coat; and I have kept this cuff, which I show now and then to my wife, to prove I am grateful, for had it not been for the old brown coat, I should never have been blessed with her for a companion. 'But,' said his wife, round whose waist he had gently encircled his arm, 'the old brown coat would have done nothing without the velvet collar and new brass buttons.' 'Certainly not, my dear.' 'And

they would not have effected much without they had been backed by—' 'What!' 'Impudence,' replied the lady, giving him a slight slap on the cheek."

Journey round the Chamber of Deputies. By a Slavonian.—[*Voyage autour de la Chambre des Députés.* Par un Slave.] Paris, René & Co.; London, Jeffs.

WE have experienced something like a disappointment in this book—though the disappointment is rather due, it may be, to a fancy of our own than to any unredeemed pledge of the author. Pleasant reading, however, as the volume contains, it is less pleasant than we expected. A tone of light philosophy is struck, at the beginning, which we suspect its writer meant for the key-note of the whole; but which, throughout its subsequent pages, he has failed to sustain. The subject which he has chosen, while pregnant with materials for the exercise of that wisdom which speaks either by the organ of pleasantry or that of graver exposition, is crowded with the matter of mere narration; and the writer, finding himself in the region of pressing facts, has, at times, forgotten his philosophy. It is true, the original note is, again and again, restruck; but this serves less to satisfy the expectation than to remind us of it, and to renew the disappointment. Still, there is both information and amusement in this volume; and the scope and quality of each will be best suggested by the author's introductory account of himself and his purposes:—

At the entrance to the *Escorial* may be seen a poor blind man; who, forty years ago, sought in this palace-monastery an asylum, when yet it was in all its splendour. The monument, so famous in the sixteenth century, has declined from its magnificence, now:—its monks are dispersed; and the blind old man, who has survived its reverses, is reduced to act as guide to the travellers attracted by the renown of the place. He leads them from the hall of the throne to the vaults of kings—from the armoury of the conquerors of the Moors to the deserted cells of the lowly monks, more powerful of old than princes. At every step, he calls attention to ancient memories, or miraculous relics—become now the mere objects of profane curiosity—the masterpieces of architecture, painting, and sculpture; or points mournfully to their vacant places on the cold grey walls, as if he himself had seen and understood them. So I, a Slavonian by race, brought up in the ranks of a rude soldiery, found myself deposited by chance at the doors of the Constitutional Temple—as ignorant of the principles of the constitution as the aged guide of the marvels of the *Escorial*. I followed the parliamentary debates—listened conscientiously, though often without understanding them, to speeches which have been the admiration of the world; and now offer myself as guide to you, noble strangers, who seek to penetrate the mysteries and study the truths of representative government. "But who then are you?" you will no doubt ask:—and I will answer as ingenuously as did the blind man of the *Escorial*, when, pressed, one day, by my questions, he set about relating to me the episodes of his life. Fourteen years ago, after having fought for the freedom of my native land, I reached this city, called by you the capital of the civilized world. I took up my abode in that quarter of the wealthy stranger and the penniless exile, where the former finds ready to his hand all the enjoyments of vanity and luxury, all the pleasures of the world, and the latter cheats his misery and rocks his sorrows amid its continual stir and tumult. I had neither relative nor friend; but I had a neighbour—one whom the rich would have scorned, but who was a treasure to a friendless man. He was a brother soldier—a descendant of Tell—a Helvetian; at home a republican, but an absolutist elsewhere, and the victim of a revolution which he detested. Shut up in the square of the Louvre, during the three glorious days, he fought against you like a lion—just as he would have fought with you, against the Cossacks or the red-coats, if the chance of events had so ordered it. Not long afterwards,

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that same chance drove both of us, on different arguments, to seek an asylum in the ranks of the foreign legion in Algeria—where, in all freedom of conscience, we could war against the Kabyle and the Bedouin. United by a sincere friendship, we were always at hand to render to each other those thousand little offices of kindness which pass between comrades whose principal society is the panther and the jackal, and whose occasional diversion the fire of musketry. Our tastes, occupations, appointments and uniform were the same: we had one literary faith, one religious belief—but in politics, our opinions were widely different. From morn till night did we discuss the two great principles that share between them, to-day, the empire of the world. My friend, a citizen of the Helvetian republic, was the champion of the Absolute principle—a partisan of that implicit obedience which the autocrat enforces so well in his states; while I, the trained subject of a despotism, was the warm defender of the Constitutional principle and the weapons of the intellect. How strange a caprice of fortune, thought I, is here! If, in 1830, I, a Polish officer of the Emperor Nicholas's guard, who turned my sword against its imperial master, could, by the touch of some fairy's wand, have been made to change places with my friend the Helvetian, then captain in the Swiss guard of Charles X., how different to-day had been the lot of both! He had been now at St. Petersburg, in the Winter Palace of his Imperial Majesty, covered with honours—and I lodged, probably, at the Tuileries, with a good fire and a well-served table—like so many another who, in the memorable days of July, proved his intelligent courage and enlightened devotion to constitutional France.—But we were soon to part. The order arrived that we should change the African deserts for the arid mountains of Spain. The Peninsula was struggling in the final convulsions of combined despotism and fanaticism. The old world was making one desperate effort to put down the new; and we were to fight for the cause of constitutional freedom. My Helvetian refused point-blank, and returned to France; while I, though I would gladly have confined my labours to my second country, was lured by the notion of contributing to the emancipation of a chivalrous nation. I left the bivouacs and burning suns of Algeria—where I, at least, had wine, though somewhat adulterated, and bacon, though rather rancid, for the *Château de Espagne*—where I found little else than Carlists, a thousand times more cruel than the Kabyles and Arabs. The patrons of absolutism welcomed us champions of the liberties of the land, by putting a price on our heads—a measure adopted, now-a-days, in civilized countries, only against rats, wolves and mad dogs. As for constitutional Spain, if she was little more propitious to me than barbarian Africa, at least she treated me with the same generosity as her own children. She offered me a balmy air and blessed sun; a brilliant perspective, grades, crosses, and fortune—in expectancy; and meantime, she shut me up in odious huts which she called fortresses, without bread, pay—or glory! As our only compensation, we had the office of shooting, after every skirmish, the poor devils of rebels who fell into our hands—happily these were few. The rebels did the same with our comrades—with this difference, only, to the honour of their piety, that, after having cut off the noses and ears of their victims, they had the delicacy to offer confessors. These mutual horrors, it must be avowed, greatly diminished the zeal of my liberalism; and showed me how difficult it is to gather constitutional laurels on a soil deeply ploughed by fanatical absolutism. However, after we had been literally decimated—reduced from five thousand to five hundred—partly by the sword of the enemy, and partly by the cares lavished upon us in the hospitals of the liberating armies—the Spanish government informed us, one fine morning, that, having gloriously bedewed the soil of Spain with our purest blood, we were no longer necessary to the defence of her constitutional liberties. We were accordingly dismissed from this delicious country; with discharges made out in due form, recording our services, our claims, our arrears of pay—documents which Spain, in her loyalty, never withholds from her ancient servants. She treated us on the same footing with the most favoured of her creditors,—promising always, and paying—never. I quitted the country with a light

pocket, and an empty stomach; and had no reason to regret the slenderness of my supplies, when, at the gorge of a mountain defile, I was submitted to a final inspection by a party of brigands who awaited me, carbine in hand. No doubt, they supposed me laden with the plunder of their churches and altars; but of that labour the constitutional Minister who called us in to fight for freedom in Spain, had acquitted himself perfectly well, without our help,—in the laudable design, it may be supposed, of restoring religion to its early simplicity. And thus, having warred for the most chivalrous nation in Europe, I found myself once more on the banks of the Seine,—poorer than when first I reached them, and with time on my hands to reflect on the best form of government and on all the tribulations of my constitutional crusade. I walked in freedom through the superb streets and squares of the world's finest city fearing neither the spies of Nicholas, nor the *chapel-guards* of Don Carlos; but neither the master-pieces in your palaces, nor the treasures of your libraries, could keep down thoughts of those vulgar things called breakfast and dinner, to which, in less happy lands,—my own, for example,—are added luncheon and supper.—words which the Parisians leave out of their vocabulary. I then made curious reflections on the comparative advantages of slavery in barbarian, yet fruitful and hospitable, lands, and liberty, without bed or board, in the capital of the civilized world. Forgive me, oh, my Polish brethren, and liberals of all countries! if I confess that, at that moment, I was in no mood to burn my incense on the altar of Liberty—no, even though the goddess were decked in the *bonnet rouge*! While thus I was questioning if it were not better to serve the Pacha of Egypt, or the Emperor of Morocco, than die of hunger on the glorious pavement of Paris, a noble friend said to me—"You have fought for constitutional freedom in the North and in the South of Europe, and fortune has turned her back on you. You have mistaken your epoch;—the age is for peace, and is no longer enamoured of the argument of the musket. Change your sword for a pen;—defend the same principles in ink,—and you will prosper." "But," I replied, "I am fit only to march to the sound of the drum, manage a musket, and mount guard. At twenty years of age, I had no other ambition than to shout *hurrah*! as I defied before my Sovereign. It is true that, since then, I have acquired some vague ideas of the theory of "intellectual bayonets:" but as for mixing myself up with those furious stripes of the pen, in which victor and vanquished splash one another with ink a thousand times more murderous than the thrusts of the most skilful swordsman, where should I find the courage, even if I had the power?" "My friend," said he, gravely, "you know the letters a, b, c?" "Yes," I replied,—"as far as z." "Very well!—that is all that is necessary." And he took me by the hand, and led me to the Palace of the *Corps Législatif*. "Here," he said, "open your eyes and ears,—observe and listen; then mix the letters of the alphabet in all possible combinations,—and you will be as wise on the subject of constitutional government as any one." This counsel I followed; and for six years past I have watched the manoeuvres of the constitutional armies with as much punctuality and precision as formerly the parades and guard-mountings of his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias. I record the sayings and doings of the parliamentary sovereigns,—expatiate on their noble attitudes and sonorous voices. At times I admire the union of eloquence with reason, and examine diligently the conscientious labours of enlightened men;—but, at my leisure, I study, also, the small side of great affairs, the small works of great men, and the secrets of the parliamentary *conferences*; wherein are enacted occasionally very comic scenes—but, for the most part, very instructive, too.

Accordingly, we have a lively description of the place itself,—the crowds and the interests that meet and jostle in its halls and lobbies,—the effects and combinations, grave, comic, or picturesque, which such meetings produce; and some of them we may hereafter re-produce for the amusement of the English reader;—but must be content, for the present, with having

thus formally introduced the writer to his acquaintance.

The moral most conspicuous throughout the work is the prodigious accession of power and dignity which have accrued to their high mightinesses, the people, since the Charter became "a truth,"—and the rather excessive demonstration,—the bustle and tumult and assertion,—the love of names (for the sake, we hope and believe, of the things),—the eye for the tinsel, as well as for the substance it adorns—with which the nation exercises its new sovereignty. All this is natural enough, in a land where the popular rule has planted itself in the ruins of a tyranny so old and inveterate as that of unrevolutionized France,—and the *quasi* sovereignty of the people sits, as it were, in the throne of a long and magnificent line of Cæsars.

The Life of Mozart. By Edward Holmes.

(Second Notice.)

WE now enter on the second period of Mozart's life—his youth—and at once exchange the undecided sketches of immature genius for a series of creations which, whether considered singly or in conjunction, are among the most extraordinary the world has ever seen. Though not about to attempt "a character in little" of Mozart, there are one or two points which we cannot but state for the meditation of those whom it may concern. The considerate easiness of Mozart's temper was no less amazing than the vigour of his genius; he could afford to conciliate; could shape his thoughts as circumstances pointed out without, in any respect, impairing their integrity. What, for instance, has been more admired than his use of the trombones by way of accompaniment to the speaking statue in 'Don Giovanni'? Yet we read that he altered one part while the opera was going through rehearsal, to suit the mediocre attainments of one of the players. At an earlier period, while writing 'Idomeneo,' we find him studying his singers with as attentive a care as if he had been a mere Italian tune-maker. This seems to us true greatness: which will not so much strive after what lies past the power of man to execute and apply, as work out the noblest imaginings by the aid of attainable materials. Hence the musical dramas of Mozart will be ever returned to by the singer as well as the musician, while the former hesitates to approach such master-works of thought and passion as the 'Fidelio' of Beethoven, the 'Euryanthe' of Weber, or the 'Medea' of Cherubini.

It is useful that the above characteristic should be borne in mind while we consider the career of Mozart, its value being enhanced by the fact that due appreciation of the materials he employed never seduced him into commonplace; and that the ease with which his imaginings were thrown into comfortable form was not more remarkable than their largeness of outline. The first opera written by him for Germany, after his Italian tour, was 'La finta Giardiniera.' This was produced in Munich, at the Carnival of 1775; and received with an applause which must have made the selfish Archbishop of Salzburg tremble for the maintenance of the thralldom in which Mozart was held. But the composer was not yet strong enough to emancipate himself from his miserable court appointment. The hundred misgivings, and adventures, and consultations which succeeded each other ere he summoned courage to give it up and trust to his own genius, threw a curious and instructive light on what has been the position of the German composer in Music's palmy days. Without court favour, it appears, he was nothing;—with it a being for managers to cheat and publishers to drain; his thoughts hardly deemed worthy of the recompense bestowed upon

cooks and hairdressers—his time often at the command of a frivolous, or jealous, or vulgar despot, whose highest comprehension of the Artist's function was but a short way above the feudal monarch's tolerance of his Dwarf or his Jester! The world is, in some measure, more liberal than it used to be on such points:—and let the complainers of our days, who are craving for crosses and pensions, and raising the cry of hard times wherein Genius is left to starve for lack of patronage, ponder—not merely on the denial of support in high places to which a man like Mozart was exposed,—but the state of feeling under which a poet could acquiesce in the necessity of suing the great as a means of advancement; feeling himself abused not by the act so much as the scanty fruit it bore him.

But we are making small way with the facts of Mozart's life. The triumph of 'La finta Giardiniera,' as we have said, was not decisive, and the composer was compelled to leave the pleasures of Munich, and possibly an unfinished love affair, for the ill-requited attendance in the antechambers and music-room of the Archbishop, and a nominal salary of about 11. 1s. English *per annum*. The duties paid for comprised a mass of compositions enough for the life's labours of many a lazier man:—

"What aggravated the injury of this monstrous appropriation of labour was, that the father, whose household economy was now somewhat pinched, on applying for permission to remedy these circumstances by a tour, was refused. From that hour Wolfgang threw by his pen in disgust—at least as far as it concerned voluntary labour. Whatever the heart-burnings that such tyranny created, the father not wishing to proceed to extremes with his prince, or thinking it safe for the whole family to seek their fortunes elsewhere, concealed his feelings while he nurtured such a plan as in the present posture of their affairs seemed most prudent. It was determined that Wolfgang should resign his situation in the household of the archbishop, and accompanied by his mother proceed on a tour in quest of an appointment in the service of some foreign prince, on obtaining which, his father and sister could easily quit Salzburg, and establish themselves with him. So feasible did this project seem, that Leopold Mozart did not hesitate to incur some debts for the sake of carrying it into execution."

It was in September, 1777, that the mother and son set out;—the former never to return to her family. Father Mozart's letter after their departure is at once touching and whimsical in the minute directions it contains how the travellers are to order their affairs. The son was "not to wear his cross" at any court, and not to forget, "when staying anywhere to get the servant to put the boot-tree into the boots." A first attempt at "location" at Munich failed, and the pair moved on to Augsburg, where Mozart astonished pianoforte maker Stein by a bad joke and good organ playing, and in turn was astonished, as we shall see. Careless as he was in packing—to the point of leaving behind him "the breeches belonging to the iron-gray coat"—he had a keen eye for whimsicalities; above all, in his own art:—

"*Apropos* of Stein's little girl: whoever can see and hear her without laughing, must be like her father—of stone. She does not place herself in the middle of the instrument, but towards the treble notes, for more convenience in moving about and making grimaces. The eyes are distorted; when a passage comes twice over, it is played twice as slowly the second time; if three times, still slower. When she has a passage to execute, she lifts her arm into the air, and if it requires any particular emphasis, it is done with the arm and not with the finger, and that in the heaviest and worst possible manner. The most delightful of all, however, is that when a passage occurs which ought to flow on as smoothly as oil, and of course requires that the fingers should be changed, she gives herself no concern on that point,

but at the proper time lifts up her hand, and begins again quite at her ease; through which one is in frequent expectation of a false note, and a very curious effect is produced. I merely write this to give my father some notion of clavier-playing and teaching, which he may at a future time turn to account."

The next halt was at Mannheim; and here the efforts made by Mozart to pitch his tent, were still greater. At first sight the Mannheim people made light of their guest. "They think," said he, "because I am little and young, that nothing great and old can be in me." Shortly afterwards, however, we are told that Mozart's stature in his art, exposed him to sundry ill offices and envious intrigues, which, it is taken for granted, were fostered, if not set a going by the Abbé Vogler. Of him Mozart writes in a spirit of depreciating bitterness, which we find in no other part of the correspondence, save, perhaps, in the presumptuous judgment of Clementi. Some powerful influence was at work against him; since nothing less could have prevented his taking root in Mannheim, for he found a circle of musical friends there who appreciated him: among these, one Weber, with a daughter who sung admirably, and was fifteen years of age. This was Aloysia Weber, afterwards Madame Lange, sister of the Constance Mozart married. It was cruel work for our hero to tear himself away; but his keener-sighted father, perceiving that time was slipping by, and no court appointment forthcoming, urged the son "to try Paris," where it was hoped that money and fame might be gathered. To France, accordingly, the mother and son proceeded. They arrived in the capital at an unpropitious season for a new musician. The Gluck and Piccini war had not raged itself to a close; so that a composer, who was neither purely Italian nor pedantically German, run a poor chance of getting a hearing among such enthusiasts as the Parisians. Even the powerful protection of the Baron Grimm could not save our hero from the mortifications of such a scene as befell him when he was permitted—rather than invited—to play for the Duchess of Bourbon:—

"On my arrival I was ushered in to a great room without any fire, and as cold as ice; and there I had to wait for half an hour until the duchess came. At length she appeared, and very politely requested me to excuse the clavier, as not one in the house was in order, but said she would be very glad to hear me play. I replied that I should be most happy to play something, but that at present it was impossible, as I could not feel my fingers from cold, and I requested that she would have the goodness to let me go into a room in which there was a fire. '*O oui, monsieur, vous avez raison*,' was the answer. She then sat down and began to draw, in company with several gentlemen, who all made a circle round a large table. This lasted for an hour, during which time I had the honour to be in attendance. The windows and doors were open; and my hands were not merely as cold as ice, but my feet and body too, and my head began to ache. There was *altum silentium*, and I really could not tell what would come of all this cold, headache, and tediousness. I frequently thought, 'were it not for Mr. Grimm, I would this instant go away'; however, to shorten my story, I at last played on the wretched, miserable piano. What most annoyed me was, that madame and all the gentlemen pursued their drawing without a moment's cessation, and consequently I was obliged to play to the walls, chairs, and tables. Such a combination of vexatious circumstances quite overcame my patience, and after going through one half of the 'Fischer' variations, I rose up. There were a great many *éloges*. I however said, and it was perfectly true, that I could do myself no credit with this clavier, and that I should prefer selecting another day when there would be a better one. But the duchess would not let me off; and I was obliged to wait another half-hour for the duke; meantime, she came and took her place beside me, and listened to me very attentively, and I soon forgot the cold and the headache, and in spite of the

wretched clavier, played as I am accustomed to play when in good humour. Put me down to the best clavier in Europe, but with people for hearers who either do not, or will not, understand, and I should lose all pleasure in playing. I gave Mr. Grimm a full relation of every thing."

We can hardly wonder that Mozart soon began to express his disgust for Paris. Every thing was unpleasant. He was engaged to furnish a musical capacity to the daughter of the Duc de Guines—a hard task—for the young lady proved utterly stupid. He was disappointed in the hope of composing a ballet for the ingenious and enterprising Noverre. The small appointment which he was offered of organist at Versailles, was calculated to lead neither to occupations nor honours. A heavier shadow darkened the French capital. His mother died there, after a fortnight's illness. Rarely has sorrow been more natural or becoming in its expression, than in the letters written by Mozart to Salzburg on this occasion. The son's loving heart is not to be impugned, because in one the artist also complains of the shamefully careless performance of "a symphony he had written for the opening of the *Concert Spirituel*." In spite of every drawback, however, it would seem as if Mozart's genius might have forced him into notice in Paris: but the father grew alarmed; possibly miscalculated the son's power to sustain himself when left alone. At all events, not long after we find him writing in a temporizing strain of our hero's return to Salzburg, with some small increase of salary, and privileges to be wrung from the Archbishop; throwing out a hint of the possible establishment of an Opera, and the engagement of Mademoiselle Aloysia Weber. Who will wonder that Mozart was willing to be persuaded? But he reckoned without his host, as far as one important temptation was concerned. Mademoiselle Aloysia had no intention of throwing herself away on so small a man, though she had descended to sing his music.

"Some eye-witnesses of the scene had rendered it graphic, by recollections of the personal appearance of the composer, who was now in mourning for his mother, and dressed after the Parisian fashion, in a red coat with black buttons. Perceiving the change that had taken place, he immediately sat down to the clavier, and sang aloud, '*Ich lass das Madel gern, das mich nicht will*,' expressing his readiness to resign a girl who did not love him, either in an extempore composition, or in a song very happily selected. He now turned his attentions towards her younger sister, Constance; and, during the time that the family of the Webers spent at Salzburg in 1779 (in the course of which the elder made her first appearance on the stage of the Munich Opera), found many opportunities to cultivate the good opinion of one who better understood him, and was more fitted to partake his fortunes."

The return to Salzburg proved, as might have been expected, a failure; merely a return to the old thralldom, parsimony and neglect. A brighter prospect opened, however, towards the winter of 1780, when Mozart was commissioned by the Elector of Bavaria to compose 'Idomeneo' for the coming carnival. It is needless to remind the musical reader that in this opera Mozart asserted himself past the power of envy further to harm or obscure. The records of its composition are very full; for the composer wrote of himself and his work to his feverish father, with a friend's prolixity and a lover's fondness. His analysis of his own labours, and the managements to which he resorted, that his singers might be contented while his favourite effects were retained, are valuable as lessons. They show how deeply he had meditated, not only the Drama as it stood, but what he could do with it;—how wisely, too, he was convinced that to make his work succeed, he must also ensure the success of those who took part in its execution: so

that his *confidences* (to employ the word in both senses) are most welcome and interesting. The success of 'Idomeneo' was decisive; nor did the composer ever rise higher than in the concerted portions of this opera:—

"While 'Idomeneo' was running its prosperous course, the composer was in great spirits; and, probably thinking that his friends of the Munich orchestra had had in his opera enough of 'passion's solemn tears,' he changed their weeping to a laughing mood, by one touch of his wand—the canon, 'O Du eselhafter Martin.' In this jovial production, he entirely postponed all pretension to the sublime, and seemed bent only on showing how effectively music and words might be combined for a laugh. Of the same date with these varied compositions, is the *Offertorium* in D minor, 'Misericordias Domini,' profoundly ecclesiastical in its style, and uniting the severe school of ancient counterpoint with some of the effects of the day, as governed by his own turn of thought.

"For the first time, apparently, fully aware of the high destiny of his genius, and of its influence on the amount of human pleasure, he became more and more indifferent as to his own immediate interest, thinking that the favourable hour would come, and that the powerful of the earth could not remain forever deaf and blind to his merit. Gladly would he have established himself for life with Cannabich, Wendling, and the rest of the old Mannheim orchestra in Munich; and the efforts he made to accomplish this object have been told. It is certain that Count Seau was authorized to express the readiness of the composer to enter the service of the Bavarian court; but the elector made no motion towards this object, and left the Archbishop of Salzburg in undisturbed possession of his organist. Again, it is doubtful whether he was truly served by the friend whom he trusted. Greater credulity is required to believe his long train of ill-success the effect of chance, than of the jealous alarm of men already in office, and fearful of their prerogative in the society of so gifted an associate.

"The leave of absence granted by the archbishop was gradually extended from weeks to months; and, by an extraordinary stretch of indulgence, Mozart was permitted to remain at Munich till the middle of March, 1781, when he was commanded to follow the Salzburg court to Vienna."

This removal to Vienna gives us, at its outset, a glimpse of the wrong side of the tapestry. Writing of his position as one of the Archbishop's suite, Mozart complains of the indignity of being placed at table with the valets, the confectioners, and the cooks. No wonder the great soul of the little man swelled in his bosom at being thrust upon such companionship. Mr. Holmes, however, while marvelling over a sight so unbecoming, is, perhaps, not aware how many similar scenes the annals of German music would register. Weber, wasting his strength at the pianoforte, among the jingle of knives and forks at the royal table at Pillnitz; Hummel, waiting among the cloaks and galoshes of the liberal and literary courtiers of Weimar, till ordered in by a lacquey to play, do not figure much more honourably than the composer of 'O voto tremendo,' when called upon "to mess" with "Zetti, Brunetti and Ceccarelli." We fear that many of the "life appointments," towards which our musicians look from a distance so wistfully, have been coupled with pleasing conditions like the above. In music, the thinker has been too often left to his fate, the rewards of fortune and flattery falling to the show-performer. It will, however, surprise no one, after a few pages filled with details of aggravated heart-soreness, to read that Mozart mustered spirit and self-reliance enough to leave the Archbishop's service for that of the public.

"The step," says Mr. Holmes, "of resigning a pension, and of throwing himself entirely upon the public for fame and support, was a more important one than his sanguine imagination and excitement of feeling permitted him at the time to contemplate. How far his being an *unappointed* composer may

have hastened the production of his immortal works, is open to question; but that his life was sacrificed in struggling against the difficulties in which he was thereby involved, is beyond a doubt."

We must pause a moment over this passage, because the word "thereby," in connexion with what precedes and what follows, involves some false reasoning which, for principle's sake, must be pointed out. The truth is melancholy enough that Mozart's life was a struggle with difficulties; but it seems little less certain to us, from Mr. Holmes's own showing, that those habits which carry a man securely through severe struggles were wanting to the artist. We see no trace in his life of self-command having been ever learned; on the contrary, as years advanced and duties increased, a taste for frivolous pleasures seems to have gained upon Mozart. We find him, too, lavishing his powers in the service of every improvident person or impudent schemer who chose to demand them. This habit has too long, in the annals of literary and artistic life, passed for virtue:—and thus he to whom, beyond all men, independence is necessary—not merely for the sake of his wife, child, and kindred, but for the right stewardship of the divine gift intrusted to his care—has been, from time immemorial, encouraged in self-indulgences that weaken, in compliances that fetter, and too often destroy; because few have had courage to teach that the rewards of Genius are in itself, and that its responsibilities bear proportion to its treasures. It is in no spirit of reproach that we would again and again set forth this lesson, till it becomes as common in men's mouths as other less wholesome adages:—but from a profound conviction that by no other rule for life and practice have the gifted ones of the earth even the average chance of enjoying healthy and happy existences.

Let us turn, for the moment, however, to a pleasanter subject. Mozart's next great step was the production of 'Die Entführung aus dem Serail,' which he commenced shortly after leaving the service of the Archbishop. The work appears to have been, in every sense, a labour of love. The musician was pleased with his *libretto*: he wrote in the hope of gratifying the Emperor Joseph, who had already shown himself favourably disposed; and, most of all, he was spurred to do his utmost, with the purpose of winning the hand of Constance Weber—which could not be refused to him on any score of caution or prudent delay should the coming venture succeed. Let us see with what a candid self-appreciation he speaks of his own labours. The letter seems to us full of character, as well as of interesting musical detail:—

"Vienna (date uncertain), 1781.

"The opera began with a monologue; so I requested M. Stephani to write an arietta, and then after Osmin's little song instead of the two talking together, a duet. As we intend the part of Osmin for M. Fischer who certainly possesses an admirable bass voice (although the archbishop once told me that he sung too low for a bass, and I have consequently advised him to sing higher), it will be desirable to turn this voice to account, the more especially as the singer is a great favourite with the public here. In the original *libretto*, Osmin has but one single little song, and nothing more to sing but in the *terzetto* and finale. He will now have an air in the first, and another in the second act. I gave the air quite complete to M. Stephani, having written the music long before he knew anything at all about it. You have only the beginning and the end, which will certainly produce a good effect, a comical turn being given to the rage of Osmin through the employment of the Turkish music. In the execution of the air Fischer will be enabled to show off his beautiful low tones. The *D'rum bey'm barte des Propheten*, &c., though in the same measure, is in quick notes; and the audience will fancy, as the man's

anger goes on increasing, that this must be the end of the air; but the *allegro assai*, in another time and key, will just then produce an excellent effect; for as a man in such a towering passion outsteps all the boundaries of order and moderation, and wholly loses himself in the excess of his feelings, so also must the music. As, however, the passions, whether violent or otherwise, must never be expressed to disgust,—and music, even in the most terrific situation, never give pain to the ear, but ever delight it and remain music,—I have chosen no very distant key to the key of the air, though not the nearest related, D minor, yet the next in succession, A minor. With respect to Belmont's air in A major, *O wie ängstlich O wie feurig*, &c., can you imagine how it is expressed?—the beating heart by the violins in octaves. This air is the favourite of every one who has heard it and my own too, and is expressly written for Adamberger's voice. One sees the trembling and the irresolution, the heaving of the swelling bosom which is expressed by a *crescendo*; one hears the whispers and the sighs expressed by the first violins *con sordini*, with a flute in unison. The chorus of janizaries is everything that can be wished, being short and jovial, and just fit for the Viennese. Constanza's aria I have been obliged to sacrifice somewhat to Mademoiselle Cavalieri's powers of execution. I have endeavoured to express the words *Trennung war mein banges Loos, und nun schwinnt mein Aug' in Thränen*, as well as the style of an Italian bravura air would permit. I have altered *lui* in *schnell*, thus: *Doch wie schnell schwand meine Freude*, &c. I don't know what the opinion of our German poets may be, though perhaps unacquainted with the theatre in operatic matters, still methinks they might, at least, not sing to their people as if to a parcel of swine. I will now speak of the *terzetto* which concludes the first act. Pedrillo has given out his master for an architect, in order to afford him an opportunity of meeting his Constanza in the garden. He is received into the service of the pacha; but Osmin, the overseer, who knew nothing of this, and is moreover a churlish fellow and arch enemy of all strangers, is impertinent, and rudely refuses his admission into the garden. The commencement is very short, and, as the text permitted, I have written mostly in three parts; then the major begins *pianissimo*, and must go very fast; and at the end there will be a great deal of noise, which is the principal thing belonging to the end of an act, where the more noise the better, and the shorter the better, that people may not cool in their clapping. The overture is short, and changes from *forte* to *piano* continually; at the *forte* the Turkish music always accompanies, and in this manner it modulates through the keys, so that I believe no one will go to sleep over it, though he should not have slept for a whole night before. I am now somewhat anxious. The first act has been ready these three weeks, besides an air in the second act, and the drunken duet, which consists of no thing more than my Turkish tattoo; but I cannot proceed a step further, as the whole story is being altered at my own request. At the beginning of the third act there is a charming quintet, or rather finale, with which I should like to conclude the second act. To effect this a great alteration will be necessary, indeed an entirely new intrigue, at which Stephani is over head and ears at work. As for the text of the opera you are quite right in what you observe upon Stephani's work in general; yet he has not badly conceived the character of the stupid, surly, and malicious Osmin. I am well aware that the versification is none of the best, but it so luckily fell in with the musical ideas that were wandering about in my head that it could not but please me; and I would venture a wager that nothing will be missed at the performance. Indeed I must praise some of the poetry of the piece. Belmont's air, *O wie ängstlich*, &c., could scarcely be better written for music. The *Huf und Kummer ruht in meinem schoos* excepted (for Kummer is not a peaceful sensation), the air is not bad, particularly the first part, and I well know that in an opera the poetry must be the obedient daughter of the music. Why do the Italian comic operas please universally, notwithstanding their miserable *libretti*—even at Paris, of which I myself was witness? Because the music is supreme, and everything is forgotten for it. So much the more, therefore, must an opera please of which the plan is well contrived and the words

wholly written for the music, and not for the satisfaction of a miserable rhyme, which in a theatrical representation only does mischief; for the rhyming versifier introduces words, and even whole verses, that put to flight or destroy the best ideas of the composer. Verse is indeed indispensable to music, but rhyme, on account of the rhyming, most injurious; the gentlemen who set to work so pedantically continually go to the dogs, they and their music together. It would be most desirable were a good composer, who understood the theatre, to be united with that true phoenix—a judicious poet; such a pair would have no cause to lament over the applause of ignorant admirers. Dramatic poets appear to me to have as many mechanical tricks as trumpeters; if we composers were to abide so firmly by our rules (which formerly, when nothing better was known, were good enough), we should produce as wretched music as they wretched books. But now, methinks, it is time to have done. I have prated sufficiently."

Many, however, were the delays which intervened between "cup and lip." It was not till July, 1782, that 'Die Entführung' was performed, with brilliant success. We cannot quite agree with the manner in which the praise is given by Mr. Holmes, who declares "it could scarcely be believed to have proceeded from the same pen" which had produced 'Idomeneo.' Mozart, it is true, may have been less Mozart-ish in 'Die Entführung' than in any other of his works. There is a hilarity and a buoyancy in the airs and concerted pieces, and nearer approach to the reckless animal spirits of comedy, than exists in either the 'Figaro' or the 'Cosi'; but the flow of melody, to our ears, as distinctly bespeaks its author, as the Rossinian *crescendo*, or the more antique delayed close of Handel. We have always longed to hear 'Die Entführung' well executed, — convinced that a certain triumph would attend its revival. Even when given by the German Opera Company, some six years ago, with a *Costanza* whose age and vocal nullity exposed her to derision, the performance lives in our recollection as one of the liveliest and most attractive ones we ever enjoyed. The music, however, demands singers, not only very accomplished, but endowed with exceptional voices: the principal bass part, in particular, sounding depths which no one thinks of touching in these times. The music for *Osmin* must be a serious stumbling-block to those discontented persons who are for ever complaining of the raised *diapason* of the modern orchestra. How can it have been sung at a pitch half a tone lower than the present? But let us leave this question to be decided by all who want an excuse for singing flat. We must here, also, take leave of the happy composer—happy, because his work met with instant and joyful recognition from all classes, and because its triumph was immediately followed by his marriage with the lady of his affections:—

"On the 4th of August, 1782, the marriage was celebrated at the house of the Baroness Waldstetten; and the delight of the occasion was enhanced by a little triumph, for Madame Weber, making, at the last, some difficulty and show of unwillingness to part with her daughter, Mozart was obliged to carry her off by stratagem. This practical illustration of his own opera, 'Die Entführung' (The Abduction), afforded a subject for much agreeable and good-humoured pleasantry to the friends of the composer. But the account of the marriage must be given in his own words. The letter is thrown off in the bounding and exulting spirit of an epithalamium."

Vienne, ce 7 d'Août, 1782.

"Mon très cher Père!—My dear Constance, now, thank God! my wife, was long ago informed by me of the whole state of my affairs, and of what I had to expect from you. Her friendship and love to me, however, were so great, that she joyfully and unhesitatingly confided her whole future life to my keeping, and joined her fate to mine. I kiss your hands, and thank you with all the tenderness that a son should

feel towards a father, for the kind consent and the paternal blessing. My dear wife will write next post-day, to beg the blessing of her kind father-in-law, and the continuance of her beloved sister's friendship. No one was present at the ceremony except the mother and youngest sister, M. von Thorwart, M. Landrath von Zetto, and M. von Gilowsky. When we were joined together, my wife began to weep and I too—and, indeed, they all wept, even the priests themselves, at witnessing our emotion. Our whole marriage feast consisted in a supper given by the Baroness von Waldstetten; which was, in fact, rather princely than baronial. During supper I was surprised by a concert from sixteen wind instruments, who played my own compositions. My dear Constance now looks forward with pleasure to a visit to Salzburg, and I am sure that, when you see her, you will congratulate me on my happiness, if you are of my opinion that a virtuous well-disposed wife is a treasure to her husband. My opera was played again yesterday by desire of the Chevalier Gluck. Gluck has paid me many compliments upon it, and I am to dine with him to-morrow."

Some notices of the remaining nine years of Mozart's life must be reserved for a concluding article.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Five Discourses on subjects contained in the Book of Genesis, by the Rev. J. Jervis.—A small work, by a student of Hebrew and Arabic, devoted to the inquiry how far the religion of Mahomet may have been permitted, if not sanctioned, by the Jewish and Christian dispensations? The theological character of the argument prevents us from going into it fully; but we hold it an allowable thesis to maintain, and indeed, think the argument itself almost anticipated by the epigraph in the title-page, that "the works were finished from the foundation of the world." Whatever has been permitted by Providence may surely be so by man—the issues, at the same time, he must leave to the Divine Wisdom. His duty is acquiescence. Whatever has a tendency to enlarge the limits of charity, and break down the partition between religious sects, is deserving of cordial support, and shall have our best wishes. The author's disregard of popular theology is commendable, and his independent tone of thinking deserves to be encouraged. Whether, however, his principle of literal interpretation, and his physical theory of a future life, may be fully borne out, will, of course, be disputed; there can, however, be no doubt of the propriety of his continuing to pursue the study of the Scriptures along with that of true science—and, accordingly, we hope much from the author's freedom from prejudice, his evident ability and his learned and inquiring spirit; caring less for the opinions he now holds than for the discipline by which his mind is preparing itself for future decisions.

A Brief Memoir of the Life, Writings and Correspondence of the Rev. Edward Pearson, D.D.—Dr. Pearson died in 1811, having, as master of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and Christian Advocate in that university, enjoyed great reputation. He was also an impugner of capital punishments, and a friend to better prison discipline, and the better education of the children of the poor. For his virtues, he fairly deserves the record now somewhat tardily rendered.

Illustrations of the Wisdom and Benevolence of the Deity as manifested in Nature, by H. Edwards, L.L.D., D.D.—A respectable compendium of natural theology, modest in size and equally so in pretension, but useful to those who have not leisure to read elaborate works.

The Maxims of Francis Guicciardini. Translated by E. Martin.—This little work is preceded by a sketch of the life of the Italian historian. The maxims are celebrated for their pith, containing—unlike his history, the style of which has been accused of prolixity,—much meaning in few words. His present biographer says, that they "approach the breadth and depth of Bacon, the worldly wisdom and long experience of Lord Burleigh, the detail and temper of Rochefoucault, combined with the peculiar tone of politics, the subtlety, revenge, and ambition of Italy in the middle ages." Parallel passages, from Machiavelli, Bacon, Rochefoucault, Montesquieu, Talleyrand, and others, are added by

way of illustration. The editor has performed her task with pains and care. We subjoin an example or two:—

"A prince who is inclined to prodigality is doubtless more beloved than one inclined to parsimony, yet it ought to be contrariwise. Because a prodigal prince is driven to extortions and violent seizures, whereas a niggardly prince takes from no man; and they which suffer from the oppressions of the prodigal are more in number than they which benefit by his liberality. The reason is therefore, in my judgment, that hope hath more power in men than fear; and those are more in number which hope to obtain some bounty from him, than those which fear to be oppressed."

Machiavelli.—"so that he is liberal to all those from whom he takes nothing, and they are infinite; and niggard to all those to whom he gives nothing, and they are few."—*The Prince*, chap. xvi.

Montesquieu.—"On ne peut donner beaucoup au Peuple sans retirer encore plus de lui."—*Livre viii. chap. ii.*
"It is the nature of a people, as of particular men, to be always wanting to rise above the height on which they stand; wherefore it is prudent to begin by denying them what they first ask; because by granting, thou dost not stop, but rather invite them to ask more, and more boldly, than they did in the beginning; for the more a man drinks the more thirst he hath."

"Time was, when I thought I should never see, *etiam* by much thinking, what I saw not at once; but experience hath showed me this to be most false; wherefore mock at whoever shall tell thee otherwise. For the more thou dost toss and turn things in thy mind, the better are they planned, and put into action."

"The fortune of things of the greatest importance doth often hang upon doing, or leaving undone, a thing which seems very small. Wherefore, *etiam* in little things, we are to be wary, and well-advised."

"Beware of every thing which may do thee hurt, and can do thee no good; wherefore, neither in absence, neither in presence of another, ever say, without necessity, things which may displease him; because it is foolishness to make enemies without purpose; and I give thee this maxim, because scarce any one but errs in this childishness."

"Certainly we look to deeds, and not to words, and to the superficial of benevolence; and nevertheless, it is incredible what love and favour, caresses and gentleness of speech will conciliate thee among men; and I think the reason to be, because every man doth rate himself, and it seems to him that he doth deserve more than his worth; and therefore he is wroth when he sees that thou dost not make such account of him as seems to him is due."

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.—"civilty costs nothing, and buys everything."—*Letter to Lady Bute*.

Perhaps, however, it would be more exact to describe these and similar aphorisms as rather shrewd than wise.

Stella; a Poem of the Day—in three cantos.—The production of a lady, designed to be satirical regarding mankind, and laudatory touching the self-denials cheerfully borne by womankind. It is written with freedom, in *ottava rima*, in verses not always accurate either in rhythm or in rhyme. Yet has there been such rushing into print, that the authoress apologizes, on the ground of want of leisure, for typographical errors. Alas! she should not only have made the printer wait, but also have waited herself for some time longer before she ventured on employing him. She has, we think, talent, that would have repaid a little patience and pains. If the works of great and mature authors are better for their last touches, surely, those of the young and unpractised should be subjected to the strictest revision before they are offered to public attention.

Songs, Ballads, &c.—If this little volume had even fewer merits than it has, we should yet have some hesitation in urging our critical objections against an intellectual exercise, of which its author can truly thus report:—

In its success my gain not wholly lies.

No—for the garnering in of this my store
Has made, throughout the year's completed round,
Thoughts my companions that have taught me more
Of life's true ends than I through years had found.
High thoughts have walked beside me in the world
That, when my passions woke, have from me torn
Harsh words that, on my anger's I had hurled,
And taught me scorn of hate and hate of scorn.

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Our admission, however, applies only to the exercise itself:—if its publication have proceeded on the idea that the moral strength so derived from the former, may be communicated by the latter, we dare not, either for author's or reader's sake, give that hope the sanction of our confirmation. We are ignorant of the process whereby those high lessons, of which the writer speaks, are to be distilled out of such a poetical growth as that before us; and rather tempted us to suppose, according to the statement above, that, in the previous handling, all the wine of the subject must have gone to the nourishment of the author's own mind, and the lees have been left to the printer.—Yet there is evidence in these pages that the writer is not without poetic instincts. Frequent felicity of expression, and signs of a capacity to think, if he would give himself time, take him out of the *οὐ τοῦ λόγου*. But he must learn to have far less respect for mere ease of versification. If his Muse have acted so beneficially upon his mind as he states, he should discharge his debt to her by letting his mind, so improved, have some re-action upon his muse. He must cease to hunt a single thought along a score of pages, till it is wasted to a shadow. Every now and then, we have, as it were, a faint flavour of the true vintage in his verse; but then it is such a mere poetical *sonnet* as may be communicated by a grape to the gullion. Now, part of the pains-taking necessary to turn his qualities to better account the author may save, in his punctuation. Many of his lines are positively not to be read, until practice has accustomed the eye to abstract the pointing:—

"To blind, hot, passion, lady, well."

"That, round, you, little, flung."

"Who office, for its gains, his own,

Would spurn, with scorn, to call."

The writer of these poems we believe to be a young man; and, as we have said, there is that in him which may make it worth his while to amend these things. The following verses—from which we omit their disfiguring burthen—have fancy and ingenuity, and will remind the reader of the famous "Reasons for Drinking":—

In winter we must kiss, dear,
And would you why be told
We then must love?—for this, dear,
'Tis then so very cold.

And love, believe me, dear, is
Far all things else above
For warmth when cold severe is—
In winter we must love.

In spring we too must kiss, dear,
The reason would you know
For loving then?—'tis this, dear,
That earth's a heaven below;
The air so full of voices
That all of loving sing,
And every thing rejoices—
So we must love in spring.

In summer we must kiss, dear,
And, if you ask why so
We then must love?—for this, dear,
'Tis then so warm, you know
The things are then so few, dear—
The sun's so hot above—
We *well*, besides, can do, dear—
In summer we must love.

In autumn we must kiss, dear,
And why, must you be told?
Remember only this, dear,
'Tis then both warm and cold.
For loving in that season,
All seasons else above,
We've thus a double reason—
In autumn we must love.

At all times we must kiss, dear,
And why, yet ask you still?
I've one more reason—this, dear,
We must because we will.
For loving in each season,
If yet one more you would,
Why—take the woman's reason—
You ought because you should.

In darkness we must kiss, dear,
Because no one can see—
In daylight kiss, for this, dear,
That known such love should be.
And thus, you see again, dear,
All tends to strengthen this—
All makes but this more plain, dear,
That always we should kiss.

So love, remember, never
Be conscience-struck for this,
On no account whatever
At all refuse to kiss—
That is—of course 'tis this, dear,
I mean—one plain should be—
Mind don't refuse to kiss, dear,
Whenever you can *ME*.

One time alone, remember,
You mustn't kiss and shan't
From each to each December—
And that is when you can't.
When'er you cannot kiss, dear,
Then cease to kiss you may—
Kiss when I'm near, like this, dear,
Refuse when I'm away.

Histoire de France, par M. Lamé Fleury.—It is accompanied with English translations of the more difficult words and phrases, with a view to its more general use as a school-book.

The Influence of Circumstances in Forming Character, by R. P. Davies.—Common-place in theme and treatment.

Eleventh Report of The Poor Law Commissioners.—The parochial year of 1844 is the first since 1837 which does not exhibit an increase of expenditure over the preceding year. The total number of persons relieved in the three months ending March 25, 1844, amounted to nearly a million and a half, and were about 94 per cent. of the entire population, according to the census of 1841. Of the million and half persons relieved, the Report states that a large proportion were permanent paupers. The number who were relieved in the workhouse was 239,818; and the number who received out-door relief was 1,246,743. The Report contains some very strong observations on the magnitude of the sums annually levied in England and Wales for the purposes of local taxation. The amount collected under the head of poor's rate includes various county and borough rates, police, lighting, sewerage and paving rates, most of which are not returned to Parliament; and adding some other branches of local taxation, the Commissioners estimate the total amount of local taxes annually levied in England and Wales, to be not less than 10,000,000*l*. There is a table giving returns of the pauper lunatics and idiots in England and Wales, supported by their respective parishes in August, 1844. They amounted to 2,245 males, and 2,799 females; together 5,044. The average weekly cost of maintenance was 5*s*. 10*d*. Representations were made in the early part of this year to the Commissioners that the quantity of needlework executed in the metropolitan workhouses, by the pauper inmates, was sufficient to affect the market price of the article, and to lower the wages of the women employed by the trade. Inquiries were accordingly instituted, and the result was that, amongst the 28 metropolitan workhouses, the value of work executed during the year ending December 25, 1844, was 683*l*. 1*s*. 0*d*. yielding 13*l*. 2*s*. 8*d*. as the average weekly value of work for each workhouse—so insignificant a sum, when compared to the wants of the metropolis, as to prove that it is not sufficient to affect the market price, and can therefore be no argument to reduce the wages (already too low) of the needlewomen. With respect to Ireland, we observe by the Report, that of 130 unions established in that country, only 104 have forwarded returns, and, consequently, we cannot deduce any correct results as to the amount of pauperism coming under poor-law relief. The Commissioners are of opinion that the year, since the 1st of May, 1844, has, on the whole, been favourable to the poorer classes of this country. In the manufacturing districts, the demand for labour has been extensive and constant; and even the iron and coal districts, which were the last to recover from the general depression, were prosperous during the last twelve months.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Copenhagen, September 1845.

THE English public, which has of late begun to take so much pleasure and interest in the Scandinavian languages and literature, will not remain indifferent at the thought that one of these languages, at once the source and the expression of that northern purity, simplicity, and spirituality which they so much admire, is at this moment engaged in a struggle for life, and that unless the vigour and energy of the old northern *Kamper*, who never quailed before unequal numbers, still dwell in their descendants, one of the dialects of that ancient Norse tongue, which speaks to us from the Icelandic Sagas in the deep full tones of the past, may soon pass from the land of the living, and a literature which has within the last century put forth its fairest flowers and finest fruits, sink into the grave before its promises are half fulfilled.

While the Scandinavian sympathies have been springing up in Denmark with so much freshness and vigour, promising in their growth new strength to the State, an insidious enemy has been gnawing at the very life-root of Danish nationality, and the country, awakening from a protracted state of apathy but just in time to make the necessary efforts, has learnt with dismay that on her southern frontier her language is gradually dying away under a long but unheeded conflict with a foreign idiom, and that to the dangers of gradual national extinction are added threats of a sudden partition of the state, in case, as is expected, the male line of the house of Oldenburg should become extinct at the death of the present crown prince.

The question of the succession to the Danish throne, in which is involved that whether the duchies of Slesvig and Holstein are to remain in their present connexion with the crown of Denmark, as well as the question whether the Danish language is to continue in its rights in the duchy of Slesvig, or to be violently expelled from that territory—both have their source in the past history of the duchy; and in order to elucidate the latter as well as the former, it will be necessary to take a cursory glance at this history.

That division of the Danish State which has become so usual to denominate Slesvig, that it is doubtful whether foreigners are aware that it bears any other name, has from the earliest period of Danish history formed an integral part of the kingdom of Denmark, under the name of Southern Jutland, (Sønder Jylland); but being the southern frontier of the country, and exposed to the constant inroads of its German neighbours, this province was usually intrusted to the guardianship of princes of the royal house, who were invested with supreme military power and the title of duke. The country, however, was never denominated a duchy, and remained in as im-

mediate dependence on the crown of Denmark as every other part of the kingdom, with which it had language, laws and customs in common. But the feudal system, which in the Middle Ages was introduced throughout Europe, also found its way to Denmark, where however it was not forced upon the kings as a compromise with a power they could not resist, but was chosen by them as the most convenient way of providing for the military expenditure of the State. In Denmark, as in England, the feudal system was not the result of a struggle between ruler and subject, but a regular organization of the State, introduced by the kings, with this difference only, that in Denmark the lands with which the vassals were invested had not first to be wrested from other possessors, but were the lawful possessions of the crown. Denmark was, however, in too close contact, and in too constant intercourse with Germany, not to receive strong influences from that country; and the fiefs and feudatories of the Northern Kingdom gradually assumed the same character as in the more southern states of Europe. Thus Waldemar the Second, who in so many respects may be considered one of the greatest kings of Denmark, following German inspirations, divided the country into large fiefs, with which he invested his sons, thus laying the germs of those civil wars which afterwards devastated the country. Among these fiefs Southern Jutland was the most considerable, and was given to Waldemar's son Abel, who took the title of Duke of Southern Jutland, and whose descendants, aided by their kinsmen, the German Counts of Holstein, several other German princes, and the mighty Hanse Towns, who were all anxious to weaken the power of Denmark, carried on, for the next century and a half, a persevering struggle for independence against the Danish crown, which ended in the almost perfect extinction of the royal power in this part of the kingdom. The line of these Danish dukes became extinct in the year 1375, and the Counts of Holstein then, in virtue of their relationship to them, laid claim to the duchy as a hereditary fief—which in truth it had never been. The celebrated Queen Margareth of Denmark, who was then fully occupied with the wars in Sweden and Norway, which resulted in the Kalmar Union, and being anxious to secure peace on her southern frontier, ceded and invested Gerhard VI., Count of Holstein, with the greater part of Southern Jutland, which thenceforward began to be known under the German name of Slesvig, and to be governed with a view to the extension of German nationality, in violation of the rights of the Danish people, and in spite of the repeated efforts of the crown to regain its lost ascendancy. From this period German became the official language in the duchy of Slesvig, and Germans were by the German duke invested with all public offices and inferior fiefs. The native Danish nobility was gradually impoverished or retired to other parts of the kingdom; and was replaced by German nobles who sought their fortunes in the newly acquired territory, and from whom descend almost all the present noble families of Slesvig. The higher degree of civilization which long continued to distinguish Germany from Denmark, as well as the commercial relations between the towns of Slesvig and the large commercial cities of Northern Germany, and the constant settling of German artisans and tradesmen in the duchy, also contributed greatly to the introduction of the German language; but no event had so great a share in denationalizing this Danish land, as the Reformation. Coming from Germany, the purified creed was, throughout Slesvig, preached by German apostles; and wherever their language was at all understood, the people flocked from the Latin mass to assemble round the German pulpit.* Though Christian of Oldenburg, the first of the now reigning dynasty in Denmark, was shortly after his accession to the Danish throne, elected duke of Slesvig† as well as Holstein, and the former country was thus again placed under the same

ruler as the kingdom. The progress of the German language was not arrested, for the country remained as to government and administration in the former intimate connexion with Holstein; and the German king of Denmark did not give up his German predilections in favour of his new kingdom. Under the successors of Christian I. matters grew still worse. German law having in a great measure superseded Danish law in Slesvig, this duchy became divided and subdivided among the princes of the royal house, according to the German law of inheritance; and the many petty courts which were thus established in the country of course contributed greatly to the strengthening of the foreign idiom in its conquered territory. The dukes of Gottorp—the most powerful of these princely houses—sought, by the aid of Sweden, to make themselves entirely independent of Denmark; but Sweden's power sank with Charles XII., and at the peace of Frederiksborg, in 1720, the duchy of Slesvig, which for centuries had been separated from the mother country, was restored to the crown of Denmark, and was by England and France, as well as by Sweden and Russia, guaranteed as an integral and inseparable part of the kingdom. But though the crown of Denmark thus recovered its rights, the Danish language in the duchy remained in the same precarious state, and the German aristocracy of Slesvig continued their denationalizing efforts, but feebly resisted by the Danish government, and at times even decidedly aided by its unwise measures. The Danish inhabitants of Northern Slesvig (which being in closest contact with the purely Danish province of Northern Jutland, had retained its nationality the longest) did, however, from time to time, raise their voices to protest against the violation of their rights; when, for instance, German pastors, who were unacquainted with the Danish language, were instituted the spiritual guides of a flock that were ignorant of their language, or when schools were erected in a Danish country, and in the midst of a Danish population, in which this population could not receive instruction in their own language. In consequence of the complaints that found their way to his throne, the late king Frederick VI., who was one of the most truly Danish kings Denmark has had, laid down as a principle, that in all those parts of Slesvig where Danish was the language of the people it should likewise be the official language; and, to render this change possible, it was ordered that Danish should be taught in all the higher schools of the duchy, and that whoever sought a government appointment in Slesvig was to give proofs of competence in this language. But these measures met with great, though indirect, opposition from the Slesvig *bureaucratic*, who, being decidedly German in spirit and education, and proud of this distinction, looked down with contempt upon a language they had so long been allowed to trample upon; and so many difficulties were placed in the way of the execution of the king's orders, that years again elapsed without any signal change taking place, except, perhaps, that the Danish Slesvigers, seeing that their claims were considered just by the government, though it had not the strength to enforce what it acknowledged to be right, began to feel that, if the victory was ever to be gained, the battle must be fought by themselves.

Matters stood thus when the Provincial States,—instituted by Frederick VI., in 1831—which met for the first time in 1835, awakened the Danish nation from the torpor into which it had sunk under the long rule of an absolute government, which never calling upon the energies of the citizen in any public cause, had left him absorbed in selfish individuality,—and no sooner was the sense of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship recalled into existence than the Danish language and Danish nationality found champions, who stood forward with a boldness and vigour, coupled with a strong sense of justice, which gave the fairest promises of success. But, in order to understand the new form under which the struggle is now carried on, it will again be necessary to go a little back in history.

When, after the peace in 1814-15, Denmark was left in a humiliated position, and the nation remained for a time without hope or courage, while Germany, having come out victorious from a great national struggle, prepared to develop and to realize the new ideas which had sprung up during this

struggle, a party arose in Holstein, and among the Germans of Slesvig, which, being desirous of participating in the free development which was looked forward to by Germany, and despairing of finding it in their connexion with Denmark, began to form plans of an independent state of "Schlesvig-Holstein," or, as it has since then become the fashion to write the name of this ideal state, "Schleswig-Holstein," which was to have no other connexion with the kingdom of Denmark than that of having their ruler in common, which connexion, however, was to cease with the extinction of the male line of the house of Oldenburg. The chief organ of this party was at first Dahlmann, then professor at Kiel, and afterwards so celebrated for his conduct in the Hanoverian constitutional question,—and later, Lornsen, a disciple of his, who, not contented with the aristocratic tendencies of the first "Schleswig-Holstein" party, but imbued with French republican ideas, proposed to erect the two duchies into a republic, under the name of "Nordalbingia." Their claims to independence they based upon the isolated historical fact, that when Christian I. allowed himself to be elected duke of Slesvig, he bestowed upon the prelates and the nobility (*Ritterschaft*), as well as upon the magistrates of several towns, certain privileges distinct from those of the kingdom in general, and promised that Slesvig and Holstein should remain inseparable; but they left out of their consideration the previous as well as subsequent events, that neutralized and even nullified this act. This party became the inheritors of the policy of the former dukes of Slesvig with regard to the Danish language and nationality, and prepared to carry the struggle into the new popular assembly.

In the rules laid down by the government for regulating the proceedings in the meetings of the provincial states of Slesvig, no stipulation was made as to whether the German or the Danish was to be the official language of the assembly; but as the official journal, destined to record the proceedings of the meetings, was, by royal command, published in both languages, it was thence generally concluded that the government, in accordance with justice, had determined that both languages should enjoy equal rights in an assembly representing as well the Danish as the German population of the duchy; and in the first three sessions, though German was principally used in the discussions, no difficulties were raised when any Danish member preferred expressing his opinions in his mother tongue. Indeed, so far did justice prevail in these first assemblies, that propositions in favour of the Danish language even emanated from them, in consequence of which a royal ordinance was issued, in 1840, commanding the use of the Danish language in the courts of law in all the districts where Danish was in use in the schools or churches. No sooner, however, had this ordinance appeared, than the Separatist or Schleswig-Holstein party felt how dangerous for their plans would be the strengthening of the Danish national feeling, which would be the consequence of the support given to the language, and every effort was immediately made to retrieve the false step they had taken. Their anti-Danish views and feelings were expressed with a boldness, which, even in constitutional countries, where speech is so much freer, would have been looked upon as treason, but which, however, the Danish government has allowed to pass unnoticed and unchecked. Not so the Danish people. At the death of their old, and notwithstanding his many weaknesses, still revered king Frederick VI., and the accession to the throne of Christian VIII.—the prince who, as viceroy of Norway, had bestowed upon that country the constitution which is its boast and its glory—burst forth the love and hopes of liberty that had long been smouldering in the breast of the nation; and though disappointment soon followed, the national feelings had received an impetus which will carry them on in the direction of liberty until the goal be attained. In the history of the struggle for Danish nationality in Slesvig, the hopes raised by the accession of Christian VIII. formed an epoch. Peter Hiort Lorenzen, at that period the most talented and zealous champion of the Schleswig-Holstein party, withdrew from their ranks

* This, though a great step forward, was still not doing full justice, as Danish is the language of the people in many districts where it is neither taught in the schools nor preached in the churches.

* This accounts for the extraordinary phenomenon, that in the villages of Southern Slesvig, and even in some of the towns of Northern Slesvig, where Danish is still the language of the people, German is, nevertheless, the language of the Church.

† The male line of the ancient house of Holstein, which reigned in Slesvig, had become extinct, and the duchy, therefore, ought to have reverted of right to the Danish crown; but Christian flattered the German predilections of the Slesvig nobles and prelates, in order to insure his election to the dukedom of Holstein.

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Being merely desirous of obtaining for his country those free institutions which he considered necessary for its well-being, he began then to hope that these could sooner be obtained through the King of Denmark, who, as he thought, had given an earnest of his wishes for his own country, in what he had done for Norway, and in conjunction with the democratic sympathies of the Danish people, than through the aid of the German Diet, which had tolerated the violation of the Hanoverian constitution, and of the aristocratical tendencies of the Holsteiners. Having thus changed his political opinions, he stood forward at the opening of the session of 1840, openly to declare his secession from all Schleswig-Holstein sympathies, grounded upon his conviction that the future well-being of Slesvig required that the country, though retaining its peculiar privileges and its provincial independence, should unite more and more with Denmark, of which country it had, from the earliest period, formed an integral part, and in conjunction with which it might hope at no distant period to obtain a free constitution; but that from union with Holstein, and through that duchy with Germany, they could hope for no free development, either commercial or political. He then withdrew from the assembly in which he could no longer consider himself the representative of the opinions of his electors, and for that session left the field quite open to the Separatist party, who thenceforward have been in reality, if not ostensibly, headed by the princes of the House of Augustenborg, who, in case of the extinction of the male line of the House of Oldenburg, hope to place upon their own heads the independent crown of the new state they are desirous of creating.

In 1842 Lorenzen was again elected member of the Provincial States, but this time as representative of one of the Danish districts of Slesvig. He immediately found an opportunity of expressing his new views, in the debate on the address to the king, in which, however, in spite of his strenuous efforts to prevent it, Slesvig was denominated a *German* duchy. The Separatist tendencies of the Schleswig-Holstein party were further evinced in their opposition to every measure tending to connect the duchy with the mother country, and their warm advocacy of such as should bind them closer to Holstein and isolate both from Denmark; but the hostile feeling towards this latter country was most strongly manifested by a petition from several shipowners of Slesvig, requesting that the mark, "Danish property," which, according to law, was to be inscribed on their ships, might be exchanged for that of "Schleswig-Holstein property," and that the Schleswig-Holstein flag—as they were pleased to denominate an ancient symbol which had once been given by a duke of Gottorp to his Gottorp subjects—might supersede the Danish flag in the duchies. This petition was in the assembly discussed in the same spirit in which it was conceived, and some members even went so far as to designate the mark "Danish property," as "the mark of thralldom." Lorenzen who, during all the debates, had stood forward as the unshrinking opponent of these Germanizing efforts, yet had spoken in the German language, with which he was as familiar as with the Danish, now felt it necessary that a step should be taken which should, in a most decisive and striking way, prove that Danish rights had a legitimate claim to be represented in that assembly; and having replied to the rebellious expressions of the Schleswig-Holsteiners in terms of the strongest indignation, he declared to the president he should thenceforward speak no other language in the assembly than Danish. The storm which this declaration raised in the assembly, as well as the sympathy which his position there called forth in every part of Denmark, proved how well he had calculated the effects of this step; and he remained firm in spite of the contumely which was heaped upon him, and in spite of the arbitrary conduct of the president, who threatened to have him violently expelled from the assembly for using a language which had as full right as the German to be heard there, and refused to allow his part in the discussions, pronounced in that language, to be recorded in the protocols. Seeing at last that the high tone they had taken, failed to intimidate the bold champion of Danish rights and nationality, Lorenzen's adversaries after a time gave up the idea of expulsion, and came to a compromise with him,

according to which he promised to refrain from using the Danish language in the assembly, until the royal decision in the matter should be obtained. He thenceforward remained a *silent* participator in the meetings of the assembly, but the struggle continued between the majority and the small number of Danish deputies who had sufficient strength of mind to adopt Lorenzen's side of the question. After some time the royal answer to a complaint sent in by Lorenzen arrived, but left matters exactly as they were. The king disapproved of his resistance to the president's authority, and refused to reply to his complaint as far as regarded him personally, but at the same time expressed the royal disapprobation of the arbitrary proceedings of the president, and the majority of the assembly, which "violated the natural rights of the Danish Slesvigers," yet called upon this assembly, which had shown such decided hostility to Danish rights, to take into consideration and to propose measures for ensuring full justice to the Danish deputies, by having their speeches put upon the records of the assembly in a faithful correct translation. The ambiguous terms of this reply left the arena open to the contending parties, who continued the conflict, the Danish deputies persevering in speaking their own language, and the president and the majority of the assembly refusing to allow their words to be recorded, unless they could prove themselves to be so little acquainted with the German language as not to be able to make themselves understood in it. The proposition which at last emanated from the assembly, in reply to the king's invitation, embodied this principle, and to the great dismay of every true-hearted Dane, the king's final decision in the case, expressed in a royal ordinance of 1844, lays down this principle as the future rule of the assembly. In consequence of this decision, which makes it a matter of conscience, whether deputies are or are not to speak Danish in the assembly, Lorenzen and several of his party, who are very well acquainted with the German language, refused to take their seats in the assembly of 1844, thereby entering their protest against the violation of their natural rights. But though the government has thus seemingly deserted its own cause, the struggle in favour of Danish nationality is not therefore given up. Immediately on his taking the decisive step with regard to the language in 1842, Lorenzen appealed to the provincial states of Northern Jutland, then assembled at Viborg, for their support in a cause which was that of every Dane, and this assembly replied to the appeal by a petition to the king in favour of the rights of the Danish Slesvigers, and the people in general throughout the kingdom began to take up the matter warmly. They felt that if the Slesvig aristocracy should succeed in expelling the Danish language from the popular assembly of the duchy, thereby degrading it to the position of a mere *patois*, and gradually forcing it beyond the frontiers of the country, Danish nationality within those frontiers would soon become extinct, the last link that connected Slesvig with Denmark would be severed, and every hope destroyed of the possibility of popular resistance, when the convenient moment should arrive for the German party's attempting a complete political fusion with Germany; and they began to understand that as the feeling of nationality in the Danish Slesvigers could be the only natural, true and efficient counterpoise to the danger of entire dissolution that threatened the State, institutions for strengthening and enlightening this feeling ought to be founded, and efforts be made to elucidate the state of the question, and to place the means of judging within the power of all impartial spectators. This conviction produced many manifestations of the public feeling. An address was presented to the king, a declaration made to the public; addresses were poured in upon Lorenzen; a subscription was opened to present to him some mark of the gratitude of the Danish people; societies were formed in Slesvig as well as throughout Denmark Proper, for supporting Danish nationality in the duchy; private contributions were made for establishing a high school for the peasants* in that part of the country, for dis-

tributing Danish books among them, and for erecting a chair of Slesvig law† at the university of Copenhagen.

That these steps have been taken in no bad spirit, and prompted by no narrow-minded party views, may be learnt from the speech of the director of the new high school, at the opening of this institution in 1844. "Something must be done," says he, alluding to the melancholy state of affairs, "but what is to be done? How shall it be done? Experience teaches us that when the Danish peasant was moral and intellectual, able and respected, then was the country honoured and mighty; and that whenever the government made an attempt to raise the peasantry—such as at the end of the last century and the beginning of this—the state rose in internal well-being and in outward dignity. * * * But it is impossible that the peasant can be able and respected, unless he be at the same time enlightened, both morally and intellectually. To guide others when we do not know how to guide ourselves, is impossible; to give advice to others when we ourselves are sunk in ignorance, is foolish. An immediate part in the government of the State, the peasantry and the people cannot and ought not to have; but it is another thing that they prepare themselves to be good and enlightened citizens, in order, that when they shall have become such, they may be able to take a right view of the state of their country, perhaps in time to offer their assistance, to give their opinion with clearness and knowledge of the subject, and to support it by every lawful and worthy means. * * * In this institution the young peasant is merely to learn to speak, to think, and to write, sensibly, clearly, and justly. But instruction herein is to be given in a national and popular way. The hearts of the youth are to be inspired with love of their country, its language, its history, its customs and its institutions; yet, at the same time, they must be taught to observe its faults as well as its virtues, for if this be not the case, all teaching is useless. In the same spirit is the whole struggle carried on by the Danes—all that they ask is that Danish rights and Danish nationality may not be trampled on in Slesvig, but that they may be supported by the government by every just and lawful means; at the same time, they recognize the right of the German subjects of Denmark, to maintain their own nationality, and to demand that it be respected by the government. The Schleswig-Holstein party, however, is not willing to recognize the justice of the proceedings of their adversaries, and unfortunately a proposition made in the assembly of the Provincial States of the Danish islands, at Roeskilde, in 1844, has enabled them to spread throughout Germany the cry of Danish usurpation and Danish propagandism, and to enlist the whole diurnal press of Germany in a fierce and unjust war against the Danes. Taking into consideration the unfortunate state of the public mind in consequence of the struggle going on in Slesvig, and of the uncertainty as to what was to be the fate of Denmark after the extinction of the male line of the Oldenburgs, the above-mentioned proposition went so far as to invite the king to put an end to the existing uncertainty, by taking the matter entirely into his own hands, and declaring that the Danish monarchy, *i. e.* Denmark Proper, and the Duchies of Slesvig, Holstein and Lauenburg, form one indivisible state, which is to be inherited according to the rules of the *Kongelov* (king's law); and to take measures to prevent for the future all Separatist movements among Danish subjects. Against this proposition, the States of Holstein, which were sitting at the same time, immediately entered their protest, and even the Chamber of Baden and several other

of the State. It is these men, who in Slesvig have resisted the Germanizing efforts, and have retained pure their Danish nationality.

† Until this moment, this law was only taught at the German University of Kiel in Holstein, a circumstance which has greatly contributed to denationalize the Slesvigers, as almost all official situations held under the Crown of Denmark necessitate a study of the law, and the greater number of the youths of Slesvig were thus brought under German influences. Of later years, however, Danish rights and interests have had warm defenders at this University, in Professors Paulsen and Flor.

* This, the fundamental law of the Danish monarchy, makes the throne inheritable both in the male and the female line. The Holsteiners and German Slesvigers maintain that the duchies are to follow the German law of succession.

* I use the word peasant, though it may fail to give an accurate idea of the Slesvig *Bonde*, the owner of the soil which he cultivates, and the worthy descendant of that noble race of men, the Danish *Odelbønder*, who once formed the great mass of the people, and were the pride and marrow

German States interfered; but as my wish is merely to give a view of the struggle for life in which the Danish language is engaged, not to enter upon the purely political question of the succession to the throne, except when it was absolutely necessary to touch upon it, in order to elucidate the former question, I shall not enter further into these details. Lorenzen, the fearless champion of Danish nationality, is now dead; but his spirit has spread amongst the people, and we may therefore hope that the good cause will come triumphant out of the struggle.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Mr. Faraday, on Monday, announced, at a meeting of the Council of the Royal Institution, a very remarkable discovery; which appears to connect the imperious agencies yet closer together, if it does not indeed prove that Light, Heat and Electricity are merely modifications of one great universal principle. This discovery is, that a beam of polarized light is deflected by the electric current, so that it may be made to rotate between the poles of a magnet; and, as we understand, the converse of this, that electromagnetic rotations may be produced by the agency of light. Thus the problem which has disturbed science for a long period as to the power of magnetizing iron by the sun's rays, as stated by Mrs. Somerville, Morichini and others, receives satisfactory elucidation from the indefatigable industry of Mr. Faraday. Already has he proved the identity of machine, chemical, magnetic and animal electricity; and now, advancing a step higher in the inquiry, he finds the most ethereal principle with which we are acquainted capable of producing phenomena which have hitherto been regarded as the exclusive property of ponderable bodies only. Light, the subtle agent of vision, the source of all the beauty of colour, is now shown to have some close relation with electricity, to which has long been referred many of the vital functions. As life and organization exist only where there is light, this discovery of Mr. Faraday's would appear to advance us towards some knowledge of those physiological phenomena which are the most recondite subjects of science.

Trinity College, Cambridge, is fortunate in statues. To the two fine ones of Newton and Byron (by Roubiliac and Thorwaldsen), which she already possessed, is now added a marble figure of the great Bacon, by Weekes—the gift of Dr. Whewell, the present master.

The town of Galway has been fixed on, as the capital of the western province, for the site of one of the new Irish colleges; and its presidency, it is said, has been conferred on the Rev. Dr. Kirwan, Roman Catholic parish priest of Outerard, and Vicar-General of the diocese of Galway,—in the assurance, says the official letter of the Irish secretary announcing the appointment, that he will “promote the advancement of literature and science amongst the middle and upper classes of that district.”—Professor Kane, who is also a Catholic, has been appointed president of the new college to be erected at Cork.

The Royal Academicians have elected Mr. Alfred Elmore, Mr. Thomas Sidney Cooper, and Mr. William Powell Frith, associates of their body.

The Commissioners of Woods and Forests have given notice of their intention to apply, during the next Session of Parliament, for a bill to form a new park at Battersea—on about 330 acres of land, stretching from the banks of the Thames, between Battersea and Nine Elms, as far as Wandsworth.

The munificent example set by Mr. Beaufoy in the endowment of the City of London School, has been followed by a Hebrew citizen: Mr. Salomons having invested a sum of 1666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, for the purpose of establishing an exhibition of 50*l.* per annum, open to members of every religious persuasion, towards providing a four years' maintenance at either Oxford, Cambridge, or the University of London, to persons either wholly or in part educated at the school in question. This liberal endowment of Mr. Salomons has, however, a peculiar interest from the circumstances in which it originates. As Mr. Beaufoy's gifts of the same kind have had a special reference as homages to science, that of Mr. Salomons is designed to signalize the triumph of religious toleration. “I have been long,” he writes to the committee, “impressed with the desire to manifest to my

fellow-citizens, by a lasting testimonial, my grateful recollection of the honour they conferred on me when, under new and peculiar circumstances, they elected me high-sheriff of their ancient city. The enlightened principle of religious toleration asserted by the Livery of the City of London on that occasion, has since been gaining strength, until it received, in the last session of Parliament, an express and extended legislative sanction. It is to the diffusion of education that the preparation of the public mind for this peaceful triumph is to be ascribed; and I can perceive no better mode of perpetuating my grateful acknowledgments for so great a blessing than by contributing to further the cause which, under the guidance of the Almighty Disposer of Events, has led to this great result.”—The thought is a happy one, which thus invests the very principle obtained for its own perpetual reproduction. The Court of Common Council, in accepting the gift, fully adopted its sentiment, and ordered that a tablet, with an inscription, should be placed in a conspicuous part of the school, in commemoration of both.—It is pleasant to know that this school, in which the tolerant principle is frankly carried out—where, in the words of Mr. Wire, “are to be seen the children of Jews and Christians, equally running the race of honour, and equally industrious, and equally rewarded”—is rapidly advancing to a successful rivalry with the first educational institutions in England. No less than thirteen exhibitions have been presented since its formation, and Mr. Wire hinted that he knew of a fourteenth, which is forthcoming.

Such of our readers as it may concern will learn, from our advertising columns of last week, the terms on which two several prizes of thirty guineas and twenty guineas—the gift of a benefactor to the same School—may be contended for, by means of distinct series of lectures, “showing the advantage of a classical education as an auxiliary to a commercial education.”

The Glasgow papers inform us that the Wellington statue in that city has been subjected to a further mutilation; one of the bas-reliefs on its pedestal having been injured—happily, it is said, to no very serious extent. Surely the *Glasgow Argus* itself will be inclined to agree with us, that this repetition of outrage in one direction, bespeaks a more settled and inveterate purpose than can well be explained by the mere abstract spirit of mischief,—and gives some further colour to our first suggestion. For the sake of the statue itself,—and of those who may feel themselves unjustly implicated by an interpretation which, nevertheless, cannot be altogether escaped, in the face of a persevering enemy like this,—we do hope that the discovery of the perpetrator will enable all parties to unite in securing his punishment.

The Scotch papers furnish us, too, with a text against another class of mutilators; whose exposure, just at this particular time, our touchy northern neighbours would be apt to feel as a very unfortunate coincidence with the Glasgow depredation, were it not that this Cockney-land in which we write contributes its full complement to the class in question, and must share largely in the rebuke which we do not, therefore, see any reason for withholding. It appears, by advertisements in those journals, that, in consequence of the wanton damage done to the Abbey of Melrose, by tourists and other visitors, in chipping and defacing its beautiful carvings and stone-work, and carrying off the fragments as relics, its noble owner, the Duke of Buccleuch, has felt himself compelled to exclude the public, for the future, from the inspection of one of the finest ruins in Britain. This form of expressing enthusiasm for the beauties of Art is very peculiarly British; but, we had hoped, belonged rather to the age of the exclusive and sentimental in the arts from which we have just emerged, than to the era of more general and enlightened appreciation on which we are entering. It is still, however, in the same social class as of old that these pilferers are to be sought: and, though it does seem a little hard that the well-behaved among us should be shut out from a monument of such interest, because of practices in which we neither share nor sympathize, yet, as one of our contemporaries justly observes, the duke is conservator as well as owner of the structure, and we do not really see how in any other way he is to effect the objects of the former character, when the gentleman

in broad-cloth and the lady in the pink spencer are likely to be the destructives by whom he is thwarted. The Scotch papers also mention that several articles of value have been stolen from Abbotsford by visitors; and we need scarcely say, that in that case the thief was more likely to belong to the privileged class of sentimental tourists than to that of humble and reverent pilgrims. Is it possible that, because an act like those in question neither represents the malice of party, nor the wantonness of ignorance, nor the temptation of poverty, the gentleman in the broad-cloth, or the lady in the pink spencer cannot see that it is at once larceny, and Vandalism, and active hostility against the cause of Art? When did the true and earnest worshipper of Art deface its altars?—and what is the artistic value of the abstracted morsel of one of its works which has found its way into the pocket or the reticule of the Edinburgh or London virtuoso? It is not, we repeat, upon the populace that this practical reproof of the Duke of Buccleuch falls. All the weavers in Glasgow might, we dare say, wander through the ruined aisles of “fair Melrose,” if the tourist and sentimental visitor could be kept out; and we agree with Mr. Bright, that it is no longer in the lowest class that the deficiencies of appropriate education are most sensible.

It may, perhaps, deserve mentioning, as characteristic of the times on which we have fallen, though no longer strikingly so, that, among the literary ventures of our neighbours (as we may now call them, by patent of steam) across the Atlantic, we observe the announcement of a new journal, called *The American Woman*—edited, written, printed, and published, in Philadelphia, exclusively by, and for, women.

The Paris papers mention the death, in that capital, of M. Peltier, member of the Philanthropic Society, and other learned bodies; and the funeral honours paid him by the *cortège* of distinguished men which in France habitually waits on learning or genius to its grave.—In the same city, M. Petitot, Member of the Institute, has succeeded to the Professorship of Sculpture, at the School of the Fine Arts, vacated by the death of Baron Bosio.

In Copenhagen, the healing art has sustained a loss by the death, in his 72nd year, of the celebrated surgeon, Christian Fenger, Director of the Royal Academy of Surgery in that city, chief surgeon to the king, and author of a great variety of professional works—the most important of which have, it is said, been translated into English, French, and German.

We may add to our occasional list of the honours conferred on the Arts and their professors on the continent, that the King of the Belgians has created the painter M. Wappers a baron; and the King of the French has given the order of the Legion of Honour to M. Hubert—the most active and distinguished of the masters formed under the Wilhelm System, for its perpetuation and advancement in the musical education of the people.

The Senate of the University of Leipzig—in which town the philosopher Leibnitz was born, and in whose schools he received all his education—has determined upon celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of his birth, by a species of commemoration worthy of the name it seeks to honour. It proposes to found, on the occasion, an academy, at Leipzig, under the title of the Leibnitz Academy; to be divided into two sections—one for the teaching of the natural and mathematical sciences, and the other for the study of history and philosophy. The royal assent has been given to this new institution—nothing similar to which, it is said, exists in Saxony.

From Berlin, we hear that the poet Tieck has had a serious attack of apoplexy; which has had no lamentable consequence for the present,—but, being his second in three months (and the poet being sixty-two years of age) has given great alarm to his many friends.—The censorship of the same strange city is distinguishing itself after the fashion of Rome. It has published an *Index* of its own; embracing a variety of works, German and foreign, which, according to the terms of the ordinance, neither in their original language, nor in any translation whatever, now or hereafter, are ever to be imported into Prussia, or have passage through its territory, on any pretext whatsoever!

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cast, on the 12th ult. at the Royal Foundry of Munich, under the directions of Herr Miller, according to the instructions bequeathed to him by his late uncle, the celebrated Stieglmayer, and amid the "triumphant shouts," say the accounts, of a large body of spectators. The chest of the *Bavaria* is the largest piece executed in bronze in modern times—this is, this is the largest quantity of metal ever fused at once. Forty thousand pounds of the metal were employed; and it took the application of fire for forty hours to bring the mass into a liquid state.

The Château of Ferney, the well-known seat of Voltaire—which, at the death of the illustrious writer, reverted to the family of its ancient proprietors—is now, as our readers know, in the market, in consequence of the death of the Comte de Bude (the last head of that house), and will be sold on the 12th inst. Placed on the extreme frontier of France, and having for its horizon Geneva with its magnificent lake, and the Alps with their monarch Mont Blanc, its claims to interest are picturesque as well as historical.

From Paris, we learn that M. de Caligny has deposited in the Library of the Institute the first instalment of a publication long since announced, as we then informed our readers. It consists of the first four volumes, complete, of the *Oisivetés inédites de l'abbé de Fontenelle*—whose contents were hitherto known only by the titles given by Fontenelle—and the first volume of the unpublished Memoirs of the illustrious Marshal on foreign fortresses and the organization of armies, extracted from the papers of the engineer Hùe de Caligny. From the same capital we hear that M. Eugene Delacroix has completed the paintings for which he had a commission in the Library of the Chamber of Peers. On the cupola, he has represented the elysium of great men described by Dante. Dante himself is there, led by Virgil for presentation to Homer, Horace, Statius, and others.—The statue of Queen Hortense has arrived at Rouen. According to the description, her Majesty is kneeling in the attitude of prayer; and the youthful face is beautiful in its expression of mild contemplation. The costume is not historical:—a large veil falls; hood-wise, over the head; and the form is clothed in a Roman tunic, which leaves the arms bare, and is fastened round the waist by a cordlière.

The Pacha of Egypt has, at length, terminated his hesitations on the subject of his great project, the Barrage of the Nile, by the adoption of M. Mangel's plan; and has recalled that engineer for the purpose of putting it in execution in the spring of next year. In the interval, M. Mangel will be fully engaged on other important works, having for their object the bringing of the Mahmoudië canal into communication with the Port of Alexandria, and the sufficient distribution of water throughout the latter city.

The Madrid journals, in an account of the Exhibition at the Academy of St. Ferdinand, say many fine things of a work contributed by Her Majesty the Queen-mother—a copy of Raphael's Virgin of the Rose. Our readers know that if there be no royal road to Art, there are not uncommonly royal influences upon its critics; and,—not refusing the testimony of the press, which "*sans connaissance de cause*" they have no right to do,—they will yet receive what it offers, on such an occasion, with reasonable allowance. "The picture," say the newspapers, "is well drawn—the style and colouring of Raphael being rendered to perfection. There is a fine apprehension of chiaroscuro; and the handling is bold and intelligent. The work may sustain comparison with the pictures of the best masters which surround it!"

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—REDUCED PRICE OF ADMISSION.—Now OPEN, with a new and highly interesting exhibition, representing the CASTLE and TOWN of REIDELBERG (formerly the residence of the Electors Palatine of the Rhine) under the various aspects of Winter and Summer, Mid-day and Evening; and the exterior view of the CATHEDRAL of NOTRE DAME at Paris, as seen at Sunset and by Moonlight, and which has been so universally admired. Both pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Benoit. Open from 10 till 4. Admittance to view both Pictures—Saloon 1s.; Stalls, 2s. as heretofore.

APPROACHING CLOSE OF THE CHINESE COLLECTION.—The public is respectfully informed, that the arrangements consequent upon the decease of the late proprietor, render it necessary that the CHINESE COLLECTION should shortly be REMOVED FROM THIS COUNTRY.

Every effort will be made to render this Museum increasingly attractive to visitors during the short time it will remain in London. Open daily from Ten till Five, and from Seven till Ten.—Admission, One Shilling.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A LECTURE on the PREVALENT DISEASE in POTATOES, and the Means of extracting the Starch as an Article of Food, will be delivered by Dr. Ryan, daily at Half-past Three, and on the Evenings of Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at Nine. LECTURES on the MUSIC of SPAIN, by DON JOSE DE CIEBARRA, with Guitar and Vocal Illustrations, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at Half-past Two o'clock. Professor BACHOFFNER'S varied LECTURES, with experiments, in one of which he clearly explains the principle of the ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY, a model of which is at work daily. COLEMAN'S NEW AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE, for ascending and descending inclined planes. A magnificent Collection of Models of Tropical Animals, and a new and very beautiful series of Dissolving Views. New Optical Instruments, &c. Experiments with the Diver and Diving Bell, &c. &c.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Nov. 5.—Mr. Hutton, Vice-President, in the chair.—The following communications were read: Dr. Black, 'On certain Footprints and other Impressions on a Slab of New Red Sandstone.' These footmarks appeared, from the author's account, to be chiefly those of small Chelonians, animals heavy in proportion to their size, and also of lacertians and alligators. They were accompanied by marks of contraction from drying of a complicated nature.—The Rev. D. Williams 'On the Granite of Lundy Island and Hestercombe in Devonshire.' The author believed that this granite, or rather syenite, was in both the cases quoted injected and of the nature of a dyke.—Mr. Davis, 'On the Geology of the Neighbourhood of Tremadoc.' This paper was chiefly an account of certain igneous rocks, chiefly porphyry and of metamorphosed slates. He also alluded to certain supposed elevations of the land in the same district.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—Nov. 4.—J. W. Tite, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—The chairman addressed the meeting on the prospects of the Institute, and referred with satisfaction to the increasing number of the association and the state of the finances, and condoled with the members on the loss the Institute and the profession had sustained in Mr. G. Basevi. Mr. Tite then adverted incidentally, with reference to the foreign and corresponding members, to the numerous public and private works lately completed at Paris, and concluded by calling on the members for their co-operation in providing subjects of interest to occupy the ordinary evening meetings.

A paper was read by Mr. E. Trotman 'On the Economical Application of Pointed Architecture to Domestic Purposes.' Mr. Trotman observed, that in the present taste for applying the architecture of the Middle Ages, we had little information before us in any published works devoted to the subject, except in ecclesiastical architecture, and absolutely nothing on the common and practical modes of design and construction which are the best adapted for every-day use. Hence there has been a tendency to an infusion of the ecclesiastical style into our domestic architecture, or an endeavour on the most common occasions to imitate those modes of composition and decoration which were applied by the mediæval architects to buildings of a superior class only. In the Middle Ages the most humble structures of every-day life were consistent in all respects with their purpose, but not on that account less characteristic in their style than buildings of the highest pretension. It is a matter not of theory but of evidence, that Gothic architecture is susceptible of the most economical application, and that one style in all its completeness characterizes every building of the Middle Ages, from the palaces of the Tudors to the hut of the humblest artisan—the one was as true to the national style as the other, although not exhibiting a single decorative feature. By a closer examination of a class of buildings hitherto neglected, we may learn to apply the principles and precedents of mediæval architecture at no greater expense than is ordinarily bestowed on the abode of the tradesman or the cottager. The principal obstacles which have stood in the way of the successful application of ancient modes has been the tendency to exhibit ornament at the expense of outline; not meaning by outline the studied complication of the parts of a composition for the sake of making it busy and picturesque, but those simple and well contrasted forms arising from perfect harmony with the construction which characterizes the ordinary English dwelling as late as the reign of Charles the Second. In illustration of these remarks, Mr. Trotman adverted to the variety in the pitch of roofs, and consequently of gables, according to the nature of the

covering; and of the construction of timber and plaster houses with oversailing stories for the purpose of protecting the material itself from the weather. Mr. Trotman then exhibited and commented upon a series of drawings, in which examples of the various features of domestic architecture, doors, windows, ceilings, chimneys, copings, &c., were displayed *seriatim*, proving satisfactorily that the simplest, and even the rudest, and consequently the most economical forms, might be made perfect in character and style if treated in the right spirit.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—Nov. 3.—The President, Professor Graham, in the chair.—The following papers were read:—1. 'On the Oxidation of Nitrogen,' and 2. 'On the Relation of Ozone to Hyponitric Acid,' by Professor Schönbein, of Basle. 3. 'On the Occasional Presence of Sulphate of Zinc in Commercial Sulphate of Copper,' by Mr. S. Piesse; and 4. 'A Report on the Composition of the Fire-Damp of the Newcastle Coal Mines, and the Means of preventing Accidents from its Explosion,' by Professor Graham. The author had some years ago examined the gas of these mines, with the same result as Davy, namely, that it contains no other combustible ingredient than light carburetted hydrogen. But the analysis of the gas of the coal mines in Germany, subsequently published, showing the presence of other gases, particularly of olefiant gas, rendered a new examination of the gas of the English mines desirable. The gases were, (1) from a seam named the Five-Quarter seam, in the Gateshead Colliery, where the gas is collected as it issues, and used for lighting the mine; (2) the gas of Hepburn Colliery, which issues from a bore let down into the Bensham seam—a seam of coal which is highly charged with gas, and has been the cause of many accidents; and (3) gas from Killingworth Colliery, in the neighbourhood of Jarrow, where the last great explosion occurred. This last gas issues from a fissure in a stratum of sandstone, and has been kept unintercepted burning, as the means of lighting the horse-road in the mine, for upwards of ten years, without any sensible diminution in its quantity. The gases were collected personally by Mr. J. Hutchinson, with every requisite precaution to insure their purity, and prevent admixture of atmospheric air. The usual eudiometrical process of firing the gases with oxygen was sufficient to prove that they all consisted of light carburetted hydrogen, with the exception of a few per cent. It was observed that phosphorus remains strongly luminous in these gases, mixed with a little air, while the addition of one four-hundredth part of olefiant gas, or even a smaller proportion of the volatile hydro-carbon vapours, destroyed this property. Olefiant gas itself, and all the allied hydro-carbons, were thus excluded. Another property of pure light carburetted hydrogen, observed by Mr. Graham, enabled him to exclude other combustible gases, namely, that the former gas is capable of entirely resisting the oxidizing action of platinum black, and yet permits other gases to be oxidized which are mixed with it even in the smallest proportion, such as carbonic oxide and hydrogen, the first slowly and the last very rapidly; air, or oxygen gas, being, of course, also present in the mixture. Now platinum black had not the smallest action on a mixture of the gas from the mines with air. The gas was also odorless, and clearly contained no appreciable quantity of any other combustible gas than light carburetted hydrogen. The only additional matters present were nitrogen and oxygen, or air; the specimen collected in the most favourable circumstances for the exclusion of atmospheric air, namely, that from the Bensham seam, still containing 0.6 per cent. of oxygen. The gases also contained no carbonic acid. Attention was directed to the result that nothing oxidizable at the temperature of the air was found in a volatile state associated with the perfect coal of the Newcastle beds. The remarkable absence of oxidizability in light carburetted hydrogen appears to have preserved that alone of all the combustible gases originally evolved in the formation of coal, and which are still found accompanying the imperfect lignite coal of Germany, of which the gas has been examined. This fact is of geological interest, as it proves that almost indefinitely protracted oxidizing action of the air must be taken into account in the formation of coal; air finding a

gradual access through the thickest beds of super-imposed strata, whether these strata be in a dry state or humid. In regard to measures for preventing the explosion of the gas in coal mines, and of mitigating the effects of such accidents, Mr. Graham confined himself to two suggestions. The first has reference to the length of time which the fire-damp, from its lightness, continues near the roof, without mixing uniformly with the air circulating through the workings. He found that a glass jar, of six inches in length and one inch in diameter, filled with fire-damp, and left open with its mouth downwards, continued to retain an explosive mixture for twenty minutes. Now it is very desirable that the fire-damp should be mixed as soon as possible with the whole circulating stream of air, as beyond a certain degree of dilution it ceases to be explosive. Mr. Buddle has stated, "that immediately to the leeward of a blower, though for a considerable way the current may be highly explosive, it often happens that after it has travelled a greater distance in the air-course, it becomes perfectly blended and mixed with the air, so that we can go into it with candles; hence, before we had the use of the Davy lamp, we intentionally made 'long runs,' for the purpose of mixing the air." It was recommended that means be taken to promote an early intermixture of the fire-damp and air; the smallest force is sufficient for this purpose: as a downward velocity of a few inches in the second will bring the light gas from the roof to the floor. The circulating stream might be agitated most easily by a light portable wheel, with vanes, turned by a boy, and so placed as to impel the air in the direction of the ventilation, and not to impede the draft. The gas at the roof undoubtedly often acts as an explosive train, conveying the combustion to a great distance through the mine, while its continuity would be broken by such mixing, and an explosion, when it occurred, be confined within narrower limits. Secondly, no effective means exist for succouring the miners after the occurrence of an explosion, although a large proportion of the deaths is not occasioned by fire, or injuries from the force of the explosion, but from suffocation by the after-damp, or carbonic acid gas, which afterwards diffuses itself through all parts of the mine. It was suggested that a cast-iron pipe, from eight to twelve inches in diameter, be permanently fixed in every shaft, with blowing apparatus, above, by which air could be thrown down, and the shaft itself immediately ventilated after the occurrence of an explosion. It is also desirable that, by means of fixed or flexible tubes this auxiliary circulation should be further extended, and carried as far as practicable into the workings.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—September.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, F.R.S., President, in the chair. Mr. Hope exhibited a new and remarkable species of Goliath beetle, which he had recently received from Cape Palmas, and other new species of exotic insects. Mr. S. Stevens described a new mode of extending the wings of Lepidopterous insects for the cabinet, by means of inclined slabs of cork, having a groove down the centre, in which the body lies whilst the insects are drying. Mr. Douglas exhibited an extensive series of British Lepidoptera, including eight species now first noticed as natives of this country, and of which one only had been previously described by continental writers.—Memoirs were read by Mr. W. W. Saunders, containing descriptions of new species of Australian Chrysomelidæ, and by Mr. Golding, on obtaining queen bees from the eggs of the workers.

Oct.—The President in the chair, by whom a number of minute species of Scolopendridæ was exhibited, which he had taken from the tubers of diseased potatoes in the neighbourhood of Southend. Mr. Saunders exhibited some illustrations of the natural history of the Australian species of Thynnidæ and Zenzeridæ, and also a magnificent new species of Morpho, a genus of butterfly from South America, the refulgent blue of which surpasses that of every known species of this beautiful group. Mr. Evans exhibited some moths, taken at great distances from land in the Atlantic, one as far as 250 miles from the coast of Portugal; and Mr. Smith exhibited a remarkable hermaphrodite bee, of the genus Nomada. A continuation of Mr. Saunders's paper on the Chrysomelidæ of New Holland was read, and

also a note by Mr. John Hogg, on the habits of *Crabro cephalotes*.

DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.—Oct. 29.—Mr. Crabb, V.P. in the chair.

Mr. Bailes read a paper 'On Marquetric.' Mr. Bailes stated that he had been induced to devote attention to the manufacture of Marquetric from the success of some experiments he had made as an amateur, and that his processes were essentially different from those generally adopted. He then referred to various descriptions of inlaying with wood of different colours, and the intermixture of ivory, pearl, tortoiseshell, precious stones, or metals producing ornamental combinations upon furniture, &c., as known by the name of Boule, Marquetric, Mosaics, Parquetric, Florentine or Tonbridge manufacture. He assumed that Marquetric applied to the production of an imitative object by inlaying with wood in natural or dyed colours; and the ordinary mode of doing this is to attach in a slight manner to each other, veneers of various colours, as may be required by the design; an outline upon paper is pasted on them, and the whole cut through with fine saws: the veneers are afterwards separated, and the parts interchanged so as to produce varied arrangements of greater or less perfection—no two being alike; they are then glued down on a larger piece of wood, worked to an even surface, the pattern is enriched by engraving, scorched with hot sand in parts that require shadow, and finally polished. The method by using woods of different growth causes in time, through their unequal contraction, &c., an imperfect surface and defective joinings, as are evident in nearly all old Marquetric. Mr. Bailes then explained his own method of using a white veneer, which, after cutting through the outline of the device, he separates, and dying each part to the required colours, restores them to the places they originally held in the veneer, and finishes the whole in the usual manner. He also discovered (accidentally) a mode of discharging the colours in any part, so as to heighten the effects of light and shade, and he expects to acquire a skill in this which will enable him to produce pictorial effects never before equalled in wood. His process, besides possessing advantages in an even surface, and having more colours, is less costly than the usual method. Specimens were exhibited.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON. Geographical Society, half-past 8, P.M.
TUES. Zoological Society, half-past 8.—Scientific Business.
WED. Microscopical Society, 8.
— Literary Fund, 3.
THUR. Royal Society of Literature, 4.
— Royal Academy (Anatomy).
FRI. Astronomical Society, 9.

FINE ARTS

Nomenclature of Colours, Hues, Tints, and Shades, applicable to the Arts and Natural Sciences; to Manufactures and other purposes of general Utility. By D. R. Hay, Edinburgh. Blackwood & Sons.

Chromatics; or, the Analogy, Harmony, and Philosophy of Colours. By George Field. A new Edition, augmented. London, Bogue.

THESE works indicate progress in a right direction. Cultivation of taste for beautiful forms, and beautiful combinations of colour, have hitherto formed a very small portion of the occupations of the English people, and filled a space correspondingly narrow in the literature of our country. Distinguished above all other nations for our successful cultivation of the Useful Arts, we are behind most of our continental neighbours in the knowledge and encouragement of all that relates to the Fine Arts; and even such of the products of useful industry as in other countries display refinement and intelligence in ornamental design and decoration, are too often, in our own, destitute even of the graces of simplicity, not to mention the charms of beauty. Happily, we have begun at least to feel some of our deficiencies; to acknowledge them to each other, and to seek out the remedy. The works before us are evidence of this progress: may we hope that they are also the heralds of better times, and guarantees of some new era of renaissance in Art.

The works of Mr. Hay and Mr. Field begin, happily, at the right point;—they begin at the beginning; they proceed to discriminate, analyze, and define

the subjects of which they treat. They begin by the analysis of colour; they reduce it to the smallest number of elements; they ascertain a few first principles, and by this means attempt to lay, in elementary simple knowledge, the foundation of future progress, first, to good taste in observing and selecting, and we may hope, finally, in combination, invention, and creation.

We have formerly stated the high opinion we entertain of Mr. Hay's previous exertions for the improvement of Decorative Art in this country. We have already awarded him the merit of invention and creation of the new and beautiful in form. In his former treatise he furnished a theory of definite proportions for the creation of the beautiful in form. In the present work he proposes to supply a scale of definite proportions for chromatic beauty—for this purpose he sets out very properly with a precise nomenclature of colour.

Mr. Field's work has a similar object. The difference between them lies chiefly in this:—that Mr. Field's is an analytical, Mr. Hay's a synthetic treatise. Mr. Field obtains his elements of the beautiful by a prismatic analysis, refracting black on white, and white on black, by a conical prism, which gives in harmonious bands the three primitive colours. Mr. Hay, on the contrary, assumes the three primary colours as existing in certain physical substances, which he regards as elements; and, forming on these a scale of colour, gives definite proportions for the formation of chromatic combination. Both systems lead to the same results. In Mr. Hay's treatise the subject is carried further into practical application than in Mr. Field's, which is more speculative but not less ingenious.

To "please the eye" by combinations of colour, is a problem of much greater simplicity, and much humbler (if we may be permitted to say so in England, renowned in Art as a school of colour), than the problem of creating the beautiful in proportion and form. The elements are few, their definition easy, and the canons simple.

How to please the eye in combinations of colour, is a question which may be resolved by direct experiment. It may be treated in several ways—as a question of Physical Optics, as a question of Physiology, and as a question of Technical Art. The works before us appear to treat it alternately in all of these aspects.

"To please the eye"—such is the object of Decorative Art. Yet how seldom in the combinations of colour most frequently produced around us,—in our houses, our furniture, our dresses, do we find the simple conditions of pleasing the eye fulfilled! How notoriously do other nations excel us in combinations of colour: yet are we equally masters of chromatic science! But then our ancestors, who knew so little of optical science—of the science, so-called, of colour, how marvellously they have excelled us in grouping together masses and intensities of colour with success! How marvellously!—so that we imitators have altogether failed. How gorgeous, yet subdued and chastened, are, for example, the relics of colouring which they have left us in the windows of the best era in our churches! Perhaps it will be said, their colouring materials were better than ours; they had no "duty on glass," and could make experiments in coloured glass which we cannot. Perhaps so; yet they wanted our aids of chemistry. In some points we may, for the sake of argument, admit that they had some colours—the deep rich crimson, for example—which we want. But, granting that, it is not so much the *brilliance of individual colour* that delights us or pleases our eye. It is the exquisite harmony; the pleasing, softened, blended variety; the cool sobriety, alternating with the radiant glow of colour; the relief of one part by another; the support which each part gives to each and receives from all; the unity of effect, with variety of tone, intensity, distribution,—it is this indescribable, puzzling combination of qualities apparently opposite, yet each embracing the other, and all conspiring to one impressive effect—oppressive, almost!—which rivets the attention, fills the mind, gratifies, or at least excites, the intellect; and, while it cheers the eye, places the spectator in the same state of feeling which is produced by the sounds of a soft harmonious choir. It is to be feared that, with all our science and learning, we still utterly fail in this craft of the eye. We can

may and explain more, but we cannot do what they assuredly have done.

We must repeat, that we do not think there is much in the quality of the individual single colours, which they knew and we have lost. We will grant, however, as much as any one can reasonably desire on this head; and, having done so, we return to the assertion, that it was in combination chiefly our forefathers excelled. The brilliancy of their combinations of individual parts—the harmony of their arrangements of the whole—these are points on which we must insist; but we dwell on it not without hope for our own future. Much has been done so well within the last ten years, that we do not despair of yet seeing windows of our own invention vieing with those of our forefathers.

The canon of beauty of colour, happily, it is not hard to find, nor far to fetch. There is but one obstacle—people either do not know it, do not believe in it, or will not take the trouble of applying it.

The canon of beauty may be taken—first, from Nature; secondly, from Science; thirdly, from the works of our forefathers. Let us seek it in all. And the last shall be first. What was the secret known to our forefathers for the exquisite chromatic charm of their coloured windows? How could we restore them?—replace them?—re-invent them?

Let us examine one example—let us take the finest of the ancient windows of the Cathedral of York. What a glorious harmony of colours there rejoices the heart! What an exquisite melody leads the eye up and down the long lancet panes, or leaping across mullion after mullion, taking it a dance along the glowing glass, now straight, now diagonal, now curvetting in spirals round some sparkling centre, then up till you lose yourself in the twinkling little star-like lozenges above; then again, wending over the whole to find some point more beautiful than the other, and then leaving you utterly puzzled and perplexed because you can give the preference to none; each in its place so perfect, that while it continues to fill your eyes, it is then the prettiest, and only then, till your glance passes off to its next and still sweeter neighbour! What is this magic that binds you to this pillar, and leaning here and gazing there, makes you feel happy, and only not happy because you know you cannot stay gazing for ever, and yet feeling that if you did, you would never have enough? What, we ask, is this which is produced by a few bits of painted glass stuck together in strips of lead to keep the wind out? Verily it is a magic—an enchantment. Now, it is plainly not the brightness of the bits of glass, that works all this on your mind—take the most brilliant lozenge in your hand, and unhappily the late fires enable you too easily to handle some of these relics, and you see that it is but a bit of glass, neither more brilliant nor intense than many you have seen before.

In Nature, also, you have seen equal beauty. What more exquisite beauty have our eyes ever enjoyed than a rich summer landscape lighted up by a rainbow? Who ever turned aside from looking at that brilliant galaxy of colour while it retained its perfection of colour and form? Yet how simple is its form—how intelligible are the arrangements of its colours. Yet how different—opposite almost—the cathedral window, grave and solemn, sombre even, and the gay brilliancy of the rainbow in a summer's shower. Yet it is but one law and one light. The rays of the same sun, refracted by drops of water, or bits of glass.

This there is, however, that is common to both—there is not too much of any one colour—there is not too little of any colour—there is no colour wanting. As we look we feel it impossible to wish more or less, or to have it otherwise: let us see then how much there is of each, and how many?

In the rainbow, Science has taught us how many colours there are, how proportioned, and how to be tested. All the colours of the rainbow are just seven, or five, or three, as you choose to have it. Three, perhaps, we should say—at least so Sir David Brewster has taught us by his analysis. Three, also, we should say, for every water-colourist knows how far his blue, and his yellow, and his red will carry him. But, be that as it may, this at least is quite certain, that there they are, (in the rainbow) in such proportions as produce white light.

Abundantly easy then seems it, to produce harmony of colour, if this be all. A doctor's recipe will do it—thus

R Rubri i.
Flavi ii.
Cerulei iii.

When taken to be well shaken.

This is nearly Mr. Hay's receipt for harmony. But softly, we go a little too fast even for Mr. Hay.

We have now this little question to ask: What is red? What is blue? What is yellow?—a question difficult to be answered—at least to our purpose. Sir David Brewster has shown, that every colour of the rainbow is a mixture. Red contains much blue and yellow, yellow much blue and red, blue much red and yellow. In fact, each is lighted up, as it were, by that portion of the other two which it contains; the white light, or brilliancy, of each depending on what it has of the other two.

The great difficulty lies in defining or getting a perfect blue, perfect red, or perfect yellow—and, further, in getting such a red, and such a blue, and such a yellow as shall harmonize with each other. From the manner in which these words are used in the recipe given above, it would seem as easy to find a blue, red, and yellow as to write the words. Nevertheless, the fact is simply this, that if you pick up a red, a blue, and a yellow, and place them together, the chances are hundred to one against the harmony, and the probability is, an execrable discord. The fact, too, is the same—an execrable discord is the ordinary result of their juxtaposition.

What then?—how shall we reconcile them? Why thus, says Mr. Hay—stick in between them a green, an orange, and a purple, and you have it—you will thus reconcile them to each other:—I do, and have a worse discord than before. What is now to be done? The truth is, "rule of thumb," that will do many things, and do them well, will not do all, and not this—will not make an artist; but the knowledge of great principles may, nevertheless, help Genius to tools, and train talent to achieve even truth and beauty. The principle of chromatic combination is this: your colours shall be such in number (if you please it, red, yellow, and blue), in quantity and in intensity, depths and shades, as to produce, when combined, white light—that is, the quantity, intensity, shades of colour, as well as number must be in this true proportion—to produce a harmonious whole. Such is our theory of the beauty of the old stained glass;—a result of scientific combination: we need hardly add, that such must be the theory of chromatic composition in all Art. The test is more easy or difficult of application, as the nature of the art varies. In all, the eye should have an education. It is the object of the works of Mr. Hay and Mr. Field to give that education. As educational works in the Arts of Colour we heartily recommend them. Mr. Hay's work has also a special object, which comes home to our hearths, and therefore we dwell on it more fully.

Without investigating the origin or laws of colouring, to which he has devoted a former work, Mr. Hay assumes that there are three primary colours, yellow, red, and blue, which, with white and black, compose all the varieties of colour by their various combinations. He derives their relations to each other and to light and darkness, from a similar view to that of Goethe, in his theory of colours, which we formerly noticed, on the occasion of Mr. Eastlake's translation of it, in the *Athenæum* [No. 683]. He takes certain material pigments as the representatives of these elements. For red, *carmine*; for yellow, *chrome* of lead; for blue, *lapis lazuli*. These he mixes, in certain definite quantities, with white, with black, with each other; to each mixture he gives a definite name, to each hue so obtained he assigns its harmonious complementary colours. He has thus constructed a vocabulary for the artist—an alphabet for the artisan. He has gone further—he constructs words of three syllables. From this time it will be possible to write a letter in Edinburgh about a coloured composition, which shall be read off in London, Paris, Petersburg, or Pekin, which shall so express its nature that it can be re-produced in perfect identity. This Mr. Hay has done—or at least so nearly as to deserve our thanks on behalf of Decorative Art and artists of all grades, even to the decorative artisan; not one of whom, be the house-

painter, china pattern drawer, or calico printer should be without this simple little manual of "words for colour."

ARCHITECTURAL VICISSITUDES AND MUTATIONS.

WHILE the achievement of fame by architects depends almost as much upon favourable accidents and contingencies as upon actual talent, their tenure of it is exceedingly precarious. The productions of the painter have little to fear but from the slow though sure effects of time: not so those of the architect, for they are exposed not only to the natural decay of old age, but to sudden death, and that either by accident or wilfully perpetrated. We might moralize at some length on this topic; and certainly we might draw up a list of some extent were we to enumerate only comparatively a few of the magnificent architectural projects, which, though fully planned and designed, have never been begun,—of those which, though begun, have hardly proceeded beyond their commencement,—of edifices that have been consumed by fire, or else have been doomed to destruction, and have disappeared by being taken down;—of others, again, which, though they nominally remain, have quite lost their original identity by being so completely transformed that their authors would be fairly unable to recognize them. The Moscow Kremlin of the Russian architect, Bazhenov, belongs to the first category: it was to have been an enormous pile,—the mere model alone costing upwards of 36,000 rubles,—but even the imperial and pomp-loving Catherine seems to have considered the project too inordinate, for though the first stone was laid in 1773, the scheme was suffered to drop almost immediately. Jones's Whitehall is another of the gorgeous piles that were to have been; but we have got only an insignificant fragment of it—insignificant we mean, as to size, in comparison with the entire plan, for it certainly is not insignificant for its fame. His Whitehall exists for us only upon paper—in the published designs of it; which is also the case with many structures that have been completed, and have existed, but have since disappeared, without leaving a single trace behind, except such of them as have been more or less fully recorded by means of published plans and drawings; and such being the case, it is somewhat strange that those who have executed structures worthy of study as productions of architecture, do not more frequently adopt the precaution of publishing their own authentic designs,—a practice that seems now to be nearly discontinued, at least, in this country, for, with the exception of Sir Jeffry Wyattville's drawings of Windsor Castle—and they are confined entirely to the exterior—we have had scarcely anything of the sort, of late years.

Where are now Cannons, so ungenerously satirized by Pope?—Eastbury, the seat of Bubb Doddington, and the princely mansions of Wanstead and Work-sop Manor? All have disappeared. The front of General Wade's house, in Cork-street, a work of Burlington's, has also been destroyed; and Carlton House, with its magnificent portico—the finest work of its kind and time in the metropolis—has perished, without any adequate and satisfactory representation of it being preserved. Independently of the havoc committed in the way of actual destruction, alterations have so completely metamorphosed many structures that the original architects would be unable to recognize in them their own work or their own ideas. Little mischief, however, has been committed in this way, for if alteration has not been uniformly attended by decided improvement, there has, in most cases, not been much to be injured by it. We may, indeed, be permitted to exclaim, at the exercise of proprietary right, when, forgetful of the public right established by its celebrity, the owner of such a piece of architecture as the Burlingtonian Casino, at Chiswick, scruples not to call in his James Wyatt to tack additions to the front, thereby converting the original character into something quite different as regards the general idea and composition. Even the Custom House, poor as it was at first, was a degree or two better than at present, before the centre portion was re-built, since it then possessed some sort of character, the nine large arched windows plainly expressing that there was the 'Long Room;' whereas now there is neither character nor any other architectural merit whatever.

The arithmetical operations of alteration are gene-

rally those of addition; yet sometimes of subtraction, of which last, the Mansion House is an instance, it having been decapitated a year or two ago, or rather cured of its deformity by what was generally ridiculed as a very ugly hump on its back—a monstrous *lordosis*, intended, perhaps, as an allusion to the civic My Lord, who is the annual tenant of the building,—being taken down. While the Mansion House has been decapitated, Bethlehem has, on the contrary, been crowned by a dome on a lofty *tholobate* or tambour, which, when first begun, the newspapers, with their usual accuracy, spoke of, as intended to be little less than that of St. Paul's, whereas it turns out to be scarcely at all larger, except, perhaps, as to height, than that of the National Gallery. It undoubtedly gives more importance to the building as a mass, and by producing variety of outline relieves the monotonousness of an extended line of front which, the aspect being north, can seldom be seen except in shadow. But the dome shows itself too plainly to be a mere addition and after-thought engrafted upon the building, if only on account of the difference and inferiority of its material, it being apparently only of stucco or compo, while the portico is of Portland stone; nor is such unpleasing difference the only one, there being quite as much disparity as to style, for though the portico is an example of the plainest and most severe Grecian-Ionic, the order of the tambour of the dome (which is octagonal, and has two pilasters on each of its sides), is an Italian Doric, and there are, moreover, small upright oval lucarne windows over the cornice, which partake not a little of the *rococo* style. More attention, therefore, seems to have been paid to architectural chronology than to architectural syntax, Grecian being succeeded by Italian, and Italian by after-Italian.

Another building, which, if we mistake not, was by the same architect as Bethlehem Hospital, viz., the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields,—a monster of absurdity in its original shape, though praised on account of its 'fine portico,' *alias* six stone columns stuck up most preposterously before a front as ugly as it was ordinary,—was reformed and transformed about ten years ago by Mr. Barry, who has now undertaken to reform Soane's Board of Trade at Whitehall. The front is already completely dismantled, and stripped of all its columns and stone-work; which is almost enough to bring Sir John from his '*domus eterna*' to protest against the audacious sacrilege, although Mr. Barry is now treating his work only as he himself did that of his brother-knight Sir Robert Taylor at the Bank of England. Still Mr. Barry might be content with devouring as much of poor old Soane as he had already got, his Law Courts (on which he prided himself so much), and his Scala Regia, and Royal Gallery at the House of Lords, all of which, after escaping the conflagration and the fate of perishing, like Semele, in a glorious blaze, will soon be destroyed more ignominiously by the rude and ruthless hands of workmen. Truly Mr. Barry seems bent upon exterminating Soanean architecture altogether, at least as much of it as he possibly can; nor, we dare say, would he at all scruple to demolish the '*domus eterna*' itself. Fortunately, Sir John has taken especial care that his own house shall be preserved intact and *in statu quo*, as long as it will hold together; and yet we might say unfortunately also, because as far as his taste and professional credit are concerned, it would be rather an act of mercy than any outrage, were the exterior of the 'Soanean Museum' made to look less fantastically cockney and trumpery than it does at present. Possibly change and innovation may come after all, notwithstanding that the building seems shielded from any such disaster by the panoply of an Act of Parliament, for fire has very little respect for Parliament or its Acts, as was fully proved by the lucky catastrophe of 1834,—and in calling it a lucky one we defy either Mr. Barry or the aspirants to fresco-painting to contradict us. If, therefore, the Fire-knight bearded Parliament in its own stronghold, it is not likely that he would stand on ceremony with the Soanean Museum; nevertheless there is hope for it, the very face of it being likely to scare him away.—Ere very long we shall, perhaps, be able to say what Mr. Barry intends to make of the Board of Trade.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DRURY LANE.—The new burlesque spectacle, 'The Princess changed into a Deer,' an adaptation from a French *extravaganza*, which was represented on Monday, disappeared on Tuesday.—It is sufficient merely to state the fact; without attempting to account for the causes of so entire a failure.

HAYMARKET.—Miss Faucit's career continues to be satisfactory. Next to her *Pauline*, the character of *Julia*, in 'The Hunchback,' is that in which she shows most force and character. The latter is, however, unequal—it has its flats as well as its elevations—it is best in the second and fifth acts, and least effective in the third. This partly arises from the construction of the play, and partly from a contrast existing between the poet and the performer. There is little to be done with Mr. Knowles's characters, but to take them as they stand, and throw into them the feeling and passion of the moment; the dramatist has anticipated all the rest. He has, by the mere dialogue, bound the scene within such necessities that, without the ordinary stage-directions, the position and attitude of the performer are unalterably prescribed. The author has, for the most part, left his meaning without the possibility of doubt. Small, nay, more properly speaking, no opportunity, therefore, is afforded for choice in the delineation; and the actress, whatever her talent, must be content with the exclusive expression of the poet's meaning; she has, in fact, no rightful space accorded for substituting her own. Miss Faucit, accordingly, has no apology for connecting and altering the part of *Julia* to suit her own conceptions, as she does that of *Pauline*. Nevertheless, her natural instinct is to do this; to make something more, or different—and, by additional and often admirable bye-play, to increase the suspense of the scene or the effect of the situation. This cannot, however, be accomplished, without frequently checking the current of feeling, and substituting some form of art for the inspiration of nature. Hence the mind of the audience is frequently baffled, even in its most congenial moods—sympathy is diverted—listlessness induced and weariness established. There results accordingly a certain amount of tediousness, which much interfered with the sympathy of the house. Let us not be, however, understood as here implying any grave amount of censure. Far from it. We, on the contrary, are much disposed to respect the motive by which the actress is animated. Her aim is apparent—her object is to attain that Repose in acting which is the last grace of the accomplished artist; and she attains it in an eminent degree. But we would impress upon her attention the truth, that repose and the system of making long pauses in delivery, are not, as they are sometimes mistaken to be, identical. Repose is attainable without resort to the artificial; and it is where she is most natural that the actress is most fascinating. On Thursday Miss Faucit performed the part of *Rosalind* in the play of 'As You Like It'; and charmed us by the simplicity, the delicacy, the purity of the delineation. The character, like the play itself, is ideal, and therefore requires a spiritualization in the performance, without which it is apt to become gross and sensual. It is not because she assumes masculine habiliments and instructs her lover how to woo her, that *Rosalind* is to be taken as a hoyden. In the real world this would undoubtedly be the case, but not in the forest of Arden, where, as Hazlitt justly says, "nursed in solitude, under the shade of melancholy boughs, the imagination grows soft and delicate, and the wit runs riot in idleness, like a spoiled child, that is never sent to school." This softness and delicacy we never saw more beautifully represented than in Miss Faucit's performance of *Rosalind*—the caprice and fancy of the part never more ethereally embodied. It was almost too fine, too subtle, too airy-thin, for even a small theatre. It was the poetic impersonation of a vision rather than the bodily actualization of it on the stage. All this is delightful to the refined spectator; but, nevertheless, we fear, it fell short of its effect with the general audience. We should be happy to learn, (if in any way it could be certified to us,) more for the sake of the audience than for that of the actress, that the case were otherwise. Miss Faucit's voice has now become so soft and sweet—so low and tender in its tones—that constant attention

is required to gather the syllables of her speech. We more frequently understand what she is saying by the expressive movement of her lips than by the sounds that reach the ear. This defect is, however, in itself so charming—has such a spell about it—that we scarcely wish it mended. We feel instinctively what we should lose by its removal, and would rather suffer the want we feel than, by supplying it, imperil the tenderness—the elegance—with which more strength or vigour might be inconsistent. We must not forget to state that Mr. Anderson performed *Jaques*. The state of his voice made the strain in which he discoursed heavily lugubrious.

SADLER'S WELLS.—It is gratifying to the critic when, at last, he finds that his admonitions have been effective. We have contended for the purity of Shakspeare's text, and have welcomed every approach to it on the stage. We, therefore, commended Mr. Macready's revived version of 'King Lear'; but, nevertheless, regretted the dislocation of some of the scenes and the injurious falling of the curtain at the end of the first act on *Lear's* curse. We have lived to see all this, at length, effectually reformed. 'King Lear,' as now produced at this suburban theatre, follows the text and order of Shakspeare's scenes, with some few inevitable omissions, but with no alterations. The scene, hitherto omitted, between the King and the Fool, which closes the first act, excels in pathos—painful, it is true, but faithful to the best feelings, and melting the heart into tenderness. It was capably acted; and fully justified both the genius and judgment of the poet. The tragedy is placed upon the stage, too, in that ideal and simple style of scenic appointment which befits an altogether fabulous period. It accordingly has all the air and the severity of a classical drama. Only in one respect has too much been done. The storm into which poor *Lear* is turned out by his not only ungrateful but unfeeling daughters, is too naturally rendered—it is not imitation, but realization. The wind whistles in the ears and blows in the faces of the audience, and the thunder rolls over the roof of the theatre; distracting attention from the business of the stage, and directing it to the unusual phenomena which, from adjuncts, are thus elevated to principals in the action. Mr. Phelps's performance of *Lear* may be easily excelled in royal dignity and in physical vigour; but, as a *pathetic* piece of acting, is unrivalled. Mr. Phelps never forgets the father—never seeks to surprise, but contents himself with exciting pity for the wrongs that the outraged parent suffers, and the natural relations that are insulted in his person. It is much to the actor's credit that he sacrificed his professional ambition to the proprieties of the scene. Having restored the curse to its original place in the drama, Mr. Phelps was judiciously careful not to give it undue effect by being too vehement. He chastened and toned it down to the proper emphasis required by its rightful position. Was it on that account less effective with the audience? Not a whit. The tragedy is, of course, in its restored state, long; but there is a felt progression in it which interests the spectator and approves itself to the judicious. We announce this restoration with pleasure—for, to speak the truth, it is the only one which has been made in perfect good faith, and with a full reliance on the poet.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—It would seem as if some evil genius made system or self-consistency impossible to the directors of the Philharmonic Society. Their treasury, it is pretty well understood, testified to the satisfaction given by Mr. Moscheles as conductor of their last five concerts. Yet we were informed, at the close of the season, that Mr. W. S. Bennett was to take his place in 1846. Now, that hope seems "dispersed in empty air," and a contemporary acquaints us that Signor Costa is to wield the *baton* during the coming spring. We are weary of pointing out the worse than puerility of such vacillation.

Mr. Wallace's opera is promised at Drury Lane, for Thursday next.—A one-act trifle, 'Le Mari au Bal,' with music by that pleasing romance writer, M. Amadee de Beauplan, has been produced at the *Opéra Comique*, Paris.

M. Wagner's opera of the 'Tannhäuser,' mentioned last week, was given, it seems, at Dresden, on the 21st ultimo, with the most brilliant success.

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The composer was called for at the close of each act, and treated, on his arriving at home, with a torch-procession and a serenade. To avoid falling into the misleading tone of the foreign journals on such occasions, let us remind the reader that the tests of permanency are permanence and circulation.

The King of Prussia has been the subject of the Oratorio of Herr Schneider, the composer of the Oratorio of 'The Universal Judgment,' and other sacred music.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—Oct. 27.—M. Persigny, whose communication some months ago, relative to the object intended by the construction of the pyramids of Egypt, excited much notice by its novelty, has sent another communication on the subject. In his first paper, M. Persigny expressed an opinion that the pyramids were erected for the defence of the valley of the Nile against the eruptions of the sand of the desert. A simple wall, says the author, would have been only a temporary obstacle, which the winds would soon have surmounted; but the pyramids are of a form and arrangement which oppose to the current of air a resistance equal to the rate at which it displaces the sand, consequently the siliceous particles, having no support, fall at a considerable distance from the wonderful buildings established by the Egyptians. M. Persigny now presented the result of several experiments made by him, on a small scale, in support of the theory which he had advanced. A small ventilator represents the winds of the desert, and on a plank covered with sand are little pyramids in paste board. With this small apparatus, M. Persigny describes all the effects which he supposes to result from the gigantic monuments of Egypt.—A letter was received from Mr. d'Abbadie, giving the result of some thermometrical observations on the climate of Ethiopia and the drought occasioned by the simoom. It appears, from them, that in these regions there is a constant evaporation from the effect of the wind.—A letter was received from M. Demidoff, giving an account of some observations by the thermometer in a very different climate—viz., that of Nijné-Taguilsk, in Northern Russia, during the whole of the last year. Our readers will judge of this climate by the following table:—January, 30 degrees of Réaumur below zero; February, 36.75; March, 23; April, 19; May, 7.75; June, 1.50; July, 3 above zero; August, 1.50 below zero; September, 10; October, 12.50; November, 28.75; December 31. Thus it will be seen that there was frost in every month of the year except July.—M. Martinez de Rio presented a natural tissue which is known in Mexico by the name of maize cloth. It is fabricated by an insect, and is found in the large heaps of maize which are preserved there sometimes for years. The inhabitants use it as a dressing for recent wounds, as the spider's web is used in many parts of Europe.

Leves Priory.—We noticed last week [*ante*, p. 1040] the discovery of two cists, containing the remains of Gundreda, the daughter of William the Conqueror, and of her husband William de Warren. Subsequent excavations have brought to light other like memorials:—The body of an ecclesiastic, not laid, says the *Brighton Herald*, in a coffin, "but merely in a grave, the sides, ends, and top of which were formed of Caen stone, the bottom being strewn with coarse sea gravel, two inches in depth. The figure was in the usual form, the hands being crossed over the breast. The body had been buried in its clothes, shoes, &c., which were still, though greatly decomposed, perfectly distinguishable—the leather of the shoes especially so, while the cowl, drawn over the face, was also apparent.—The skeleton of a person, as to whom all conjecture is at fault. The skull and teeth of this skeleton are very perfect. The skull is well formed and the femur (thigh bone, one of them still in the socket of the hip), and tibia (leg bone) are very long and large.—[It is stated that the second Earl de Warren and Surrey, William, who died A.D. 1138, was buried at the feet of the first Earl. May not these be his remains?] Another interesting relic was "an earthenware urn, inclosed in a leaden vessel, the space between them being filled up with clay, in order apparently to make the urn air-tight, and on its being opened it was found to contain the lungs, stomach, and intestines of a human being. These have been placed in spirits of wine for preser-

vation, and are now at the residence of Mr. Acton, at Southover. It is matter of record that the third Earl de Warren, the grandson of the first, went to the Holy Land in 1147 with the King of France; and being slain in a sudden attack made on the French army by the Turks, soon after leaving Laodicea, there is reason to believe that the heart was brought home and deposited in the Priory of St. Pancras. It is possible that the contents of the urn may be the remains of the knight thus brought back."

What next?—The following is extracted from an account of the trial of a man, named Van Steenburgh, for murder, as reported in the *New York Weekly Herald*:—"One of the most singular, extraordinary and curious things about this trial is, the fact that Stanley Grimes, Esq., the celebrated lecturer on that sublime and interesting science called Phrenology, at present delivering a course on the subject in this village, sits on the right hand of counsel for prisoner, and critically examines the faces, but more particularly the bumps on the craniums, of jurors, while undergoing examination. His advice regarding their character has been taken in several instances; and if the juror was declared competent by the triors, the peremptory challenge has been used at his suggestion. This is certainly one of the most novel, romantic and funny proceedings we have yet heard of. It is the beginning of a new era in modern criminal jurisprudence; for if successful in this instance, we have no doubt a phrenologist will hereafter become an indispensable appendage in a criminal suit. An animal magnetiser may shortly be found useful, in putting an obnoxious jurymen into a state of somnolency while the evidence is being heard."

Tunnelling.—Among public projects in discussion, we observe one for a tunnel to connect the opposite shores of the Clyde, beneath its bed—the spot chosen being a little above Govan, at or near the lands of Heatherby Hall.

Screw Propellers.—Those who are watching events cannot but observe what a change is silently taking place in our navies, both royal and mercantile. It is all now Steam—Steam—Steam. We hear of a line of merchant vessels established to run from England to Constantinople, each with a screw propeller. The Liverpool papers also announce the first of a series of packets from America with screw propellers;—and as the Massachusetts is said to be fitted out with several novelties we shall quote the account: "The passage of the screw-auxiliary vessel Massachusetts, from New York to Liverpool, from wharf to wharf, may be put down at 17 days 11 hours. She had, the whole way, head winds and calms, —and her run may therefore be considered excellent. She is 800 tons burden, American measurement, 155 feet on deck, 178 feet from billet-head to taffrail, 53 feet beam, has engines of 280 horsepower, and is ship-rigged with a few exceptions,—the most striking being that her topmasts are fixed abaft the mast. The lower masts are also unusually tall, and the funnel of unusual lowness even in screw steamers. Her cabins are capacious, and ventilated in a new and effective manner; and she can accommodate 40 passengers. Her screw is of a novel construction: it can be drawn out of the water at pleasure, by a simple process, and placed in a perpendicular position against the stern; and in such circumstances the Massachusetts is to all intents and purposes a sailing vessel. The screw works most powerfully, and insures a speed, with sail, of twelve knots an hour. The sails and rigging abound in curious contrivances to ease the labour of reefing, shortening sail, &c.,—perhaps the first instance in which modern machinery has been carried aloft. All sail has been repeatedly set in 25 minutes. She has four life boats; every bench, every seat, stool, &c., is a life boat, made of iron, with air-tight compartments, and adapted to swim, even with the weight of a man. So many contrivances for safety were never yet brought together.—*Liverpool Journal.*

Publications in Germany.—The following statistical returns, published in the French papers, but the authority not named, show the progress of publication in Germany during the last three centuries:—In the year 1589, the number of works published was 362; in 1617, 371; in 1717, 558; in 1789, 2115; in 1831, 6389; in 1840, 9776; and in 1844, nearly 11,000.

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